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Original Poetry.

TRUTH.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY REV. ABEL C. THOMAS.

"Truth shall spring out of the earth."—*Psalm* 85: 11.

Oh deem it not Fable nor fancy unsound
Whereof the Mythologists tell,
O'seeking and finding the pebble of Truth
In the bottom of a well.

In God's holy Spirit, creative alone,
Hath Truth a derivative birth;
Yet zenith and nadir, in every zone,
And realms intermediate, lay claim to her throne—
And, all things pervading where order is known,
She springs from the heart of the earth.

How fearfully dizzy would be the brink
Of a shaft through the globe's deep core!
To the central point of the thought-shaft sink,
And the discovered will be no more.

Once fathomed the depth, *the upward* is all,
Through fathomless, infinite space,
From the central point of this fire-earth ball—
Where sinners struggle to burst their thrall,
And deep unto deep most forever call—
To the light of the Lord's own face.

The pulsings of thought, in a tissue such as this,
By angels is worthily trod!
Humanity felt—the universe and abyss—
The coward is centred in God!

And spurred, still upward, Truth constantly yearns,
With an instinct of life divine:
And few angels cal lose the philosopher lesson,
While ignorance nothing but terror discerns,
Where the tools drawing fire-damp explodes or burns,
In depths of the cavernous mine.

To the science-enlightened Geologist's ken,
She stops from the strata of rock,
And the skill and the skills of the curious men
Embody her out of the block.

And when on the earth-crust there falleth a shower,
She beneath the pattering rain,
And gently sheath in verdure and flower,
That man in the meadow and maid in the bower,
Alike may enjoy and partake of the dower
That cheareth the hill and the plain.

Oh love the high sentiment quickens and warms
The heart in a heavenly birth,
That Truth, in ten thousands of beautiful forms,
Ever springs from the bosom of earth!

She springeth to bear time, oh, marvellous soul!
Through fathomless, infinite space,
From the remotest darkness of earth's centre—
From the nests of the worm and the gopping mole,
And the lair of the flesh—to the spirit goal,
The light of the Lord's own face.

LOVER'S SONG.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST,
BY MISS ALICE CAREY.

Like a beam of summer splendor
Trembling on the frozen sea,
Is the maiden—oh! defend her,
Angels, from the clouds of care!

Like a May-shower softly weeping
When the sky is all aglow,
Are her golden tresses sweeping
Over her bosom's dainty snow.

Harp-strings kissed by lily fingers,
Make not music half so choice,
As within his bosom singers
Who has heard her charmed voice!

Nearer than its hoarded treasure
To the golden-hilted hero—
Of all sweet delights the measure,
Is the maid I love to see.

Pictures of Life

FROM BENTLEY'S MISCELLANY.

THE TWO BROTHERS;
OR,
LEAVES FROM ADMIRAL
LORD MINORCAS NOTE BOOK.

BY MRS. WARD.

Almost all of us bear in our hearts the impress of some event from which we date even our first consciousness of existence; and strange it is that while important circumstances, occurring in our riper years, leave comparatively little impression, the incidents in youth, with which our minds have lain for us so unconscious, are often fairly stereotyped on our brain, we know not how or why.

But I remember no trifling incidents. The one great event of my life cast all else into oblivion, for truly it brought an undying sorrow on our house, and caused my heart to ache as old as death a gaping wound within my boyish breast.

Even now, mother, I see at times thy fair, thy gentle, and most loving face; I hear in my dreams thy low, sweet, earnest, voice, echoing like mournful music, and my father, with his high, proud brow, his beautiful but rare smile, is often at my side when I am alone and pondering on old times under the shadow of the forest trees.

Sometimes he comes in another guise, and as I face him but of this anon.

Some years ago, my mother, my father, my young brother and myself, were one morning assembled in the little retiel library at home, when the old butler brought in the letter-bag. My father had taken down a book, and my mother, leaning on his shoulder, was reading some sweet passage aloud. The bag lay till she had ceased, upon the table, and then my father, handing me the key, desired me to open it.

"Let me, let me," said Harry, and I permitted him to draw the letters forth.

I think I see my father lay his book hurriedly aside, and my mother bend anxiously over him as he tears open one, the seal and eclipse of which proclaim it the herald of death's doings. Mother! mother! how pale you looked! what despair was painted in your countenance!

Whence arose all this sorrow I know not; at the time I was scarcely capable of comprehending the nature of it, for, although twelve years of age, I had had no intimate associates but my brother, I had seen nothing of the world, beyond the boundaries of the village near which we lived.

The letter announced the death of my father's first cousin, and his only one; they had perished off the Isle of Wight, while bathing; the latter, it was supposed, in his endeavors to save his son, had failed in the rescue, and was encoffined himself. My father was now, therefore, Earl of Wallingford, he did not announce it to us, but I gathered it from his conversation with my mother. I heard him bitterly regretting it; I saw her sit with her hands rigidly clasped in agony before her, I saw her lips turn pale, her eyes close, and then she fell heavily down at her husband's feet. I can remember him, telling us to leave the room, and send in old Wilmot and his daughter, my mother's maid. My brother and I went out upon the sunny lawn to play. He, rejoicing in the beauty of the day, soon forgot the scene we had witnessed, and called to me to join him in his gambols, while I, half puzzled at my father and mother's distress, sat down under the shadow of some tinted, leafing limb not. His merry laugh, his bounding step, however, were checked by Wilmot coming to us, and bidding us go round to the back of the house, where my mother could not hear our voices.

Where my mother could not hear our voices! She whose life had seemed to depend on our lightest look or word, who had been childless—tenderly—but still children by my father, for her reluctance in allowing us to spend our mornings at Dr. Mitford's, the good Rector's, for the purpose of receiving his instructions.

The peaceful period of my life was over; the next scene enacted in the drama of that life was a tragical one. My father, leaving my mother to the care of Wilmot and his daughter, was observed to dart through the open window of the oriel without his hat. My mother, after a long swoon, was borne to her bed, and when I next saw her she was a widow. My father had himself sought a watery grave in the small lake in the grounds at M——. I can remember the silence of the house, the whispers of the servants on the stair-case, in the lobbies, and the empty rooms, and Wilmot forbidding us to leave the house, especially desiring us not to approach the lodge.

I—spoiled boy as I was—I disobeyed him. In the dusk of the Summer's evening, I crept out of the very window through which my unhappy father had last passed alive, and making my way under cover of the shrubs that fringed the sloping lawn, I hurried to the lodge. Wilmot's caution against going there convinced me that my father had been carried thither, instead of being brought home, as we were informed by the servants he had been. There were lights streaming through the closed shutters of one window. I climbed over the little paling near it, and looked through a crevice into the apartment. Was it a vision that met my eyes? unaccustomed as they were to such but the beautiful in this world, I could scarcely bear to look on what I saw. Was it a dream? What was that cloud of white stretched forth upon two common deal tables placed together. There was the outline of a human form, there was the sound of lamentation in the narrow room, the lodge-keeper's wife mourning the dead thing laid there in the shroud.

Wilmot himself was there arranging corpse round the dull walls, and the number of chairs placed uniformly together, gave me some idea of an inquest having been held there. My first impulse was to call Wilmot, but my tongue clove to the roof of my mouth. I lingered long, spellbound; and when I had seen the little room lighted I was afraid to retrace my steps, when I saw Wilmot raise the white covering from the corpse.

I remember but my father's dead face, livid, yet in little disturbed as to bear the appearance of being in a deep sleep; then a shaking sensation in the throat arrested the scream on its passage from my heart to my lips: and all was black till I found myself on a sofa in my mother's bedroom. In spite of all her agony at my father's loss, she had missed me. She would have me brought to her. My young brother was there too. Worn out with his bewildered sorrow, his boy lay idly scattered about the room, and he, with his arm stretched across me his long curls sweeping my cold, clammy face, lay fast asleep beside me. In that chamber of anguish and desolation he seemed the only link between heaven and my mother, for what was I now to her but a heavy care?

She—poor, pale, haggard creature—was sitting up in her bed, watching us. The good rector, Dr. Mitford, sat by her with the Book of Comfort before him. Still she looked distracted. All at once she broke into a paroxysm of tears and sweeping long and bitterly, became calmer at last, relieved by this natural burst of anguish. It awoke my young brother, who, flying to her, mingled his tears with hers. Weak as I was, scarcely certain of where I was, I insisted on rising, and are the sun set that night, Doctor Mitford explained to my brother and myself, as tenderly as he could, the cause of the late terrible event.

I, the elder, was an outcast on the world, with scarce any provision. *I was a natural son!* My younger brother was the heir to title, fortune, honors, power, and the distinction of a high name. I had no prospects! I the first born, was a curse to myself, my mother, and my self-murdered father. My young brother, Harry, was Earl of Wallingford, while I * * * * * * *

I can remember when my brother was made to comprehend that he was rich and noble, and that I was something despicable, for he soon gathered all this—that he was very unhappy. He who had never been separated from me, who had been taught to respect my opinions, even in our plays, as an elder brother's right—he where lesson had been lightened by my sharing them, whose pleasures had been mine, and who had been accustomed to no other companion, cried out bear to be thus elevated while I was unknowingly cast down.

I, meanwhile, would not approach my mother. Something of sullenness there was in my temperament on the evening succeeding Doctor Mitford's disclosure, as I sat at the oriel window looking out upon the lawn where I had spent so many unclouded hours. My father's funeral was to take place on the following day. The verdict had been brought in "temporary insanity." God knows it was a correct one, for my unhappy father's brain must have been bewildered with the agony of despair when the consequences of sin burst on him and my wretched mother.

It were a long story to dwell on her early history. Married young to a man whose savage disposition drove her into the arms of my fine-tempered father, whose elegance of taste and refinement of feeling were strange contrasts to the overbearing tyrant of her home, she had, in a moment of misery, when a blow from her husband shook her, let the last slender links of duty and propriety into atoms, yielded to my father's passionate entreaties that she would fly with him. Hence a divorce could be obtained, and a marriage effected. I was born. They were united on the death of my mother's husband, and before the birth of my brother; and as my father had the disposal of her own property, my position, as an illegitimate son, would perhaps never have been made known to me but for the event which gave my father the title and entailed estates of the Earldom of Wallingford.

There sat I then looking out on the fair face of nature; the peace of the scene before me ill accorded with the turmoils raging at my heart; but some trifling circumstances, the sight of a pointer my father had been fond of, and an old hunter, who had been permitted to spend his last days in peaceful idleness, upset me. The groom was taking them past the window, away from the neighborhood of the lawn, fearing my mother should see them. At sight of these familiar objects a shower of tears relieved me, and long after I had ceased to cry bitterly, the tears still trickled silently down my cheeks. I know not how long I sat there, but I was roused from my unhopeful revery by perceiving my young brother at my side.

"See," said he, "I have brought you the new pointer—Dr. Mitford gave me it on my birthday. You admired it so much that I am sure you will think it worth having, and I have filled my writing desk, which is newer than yours, with pens and paper and sealing-wax, and here it is for you, and my drawing box. You shall have everything of mine. I will give all to you that I can. Brother! dear brother Edward! do not turn away your head, as if you were angry. You cannot think how unhappy I am, this little they talk so much about makes me wretched. How can that give me pleasure which has been the cause of my father's death and my mother's misery? Brother Edward, said the boy, looking up as it silently appealing to Heaven as a witness of his love, I never will be Lord Wallingford as long as you live and are manless. No one can make me take up the title; I have asked Dr. Mitford all about it; he went give me any advice at present, but tells me not to decide too hastily. I never shall change my resolution, unless, and who knows but it may be so?—unless you gain a title for yourself."

Poor child!—little he knew of the worldly prize set on such baubles. I answered him by flinging my arms around his neck, and Dr. Mitford found us mingling our tears together. Ah! from what a pure and consecrated fountain did these tears spring! My mother, too ill to bear the least excitement, never mentioned the subject, though we saw saw her every day, a settled melancholy had succeeded the first paroxysms of despair.

My resolution was formed before my father's funeral was over; my only companion besides my brother, had been a midshipman, a relation of Dr. Mitford. I determined on leaving home, and striving to carve out an honorable career for myself. I became at once a man in thought and deed. My brother's docile disposition resembled my mother's; mine had more of my father's sterner metal in it. He was brave, though his last act was one little indicative of it—but then the cause! the disgrace, not of himself but of his wife and his first-born! What marvel that he wanted courage to stand by and witness that!

Never can I forget the last hour spent, as a boy, under the roof to which I had been accustomed from my infancy. My brother and I had always occupied the same room; our little beds stood side by side, with the pictures of our parents hanging between them. Worn out with the sorrows of the past week, Harry had gone to rest before his usual time. He was sleeping peacefully, though a tear lay on his cheek. There lay the Earl of Wallingford—my younger brother—while I, scarcely knowing by what name to call myself, looked up at my father's and mother's picture with mingled feelings of pity and reproach. I had packed up a few clothes by degrees, and poor Harry's gift of the drawing-box (the smallest article) among them. I had received on getting to sea under the patronage of E. Edward. It was the only one to which I felt I had any right.

I gave over the last "good night" exchanged between my mother and myself. A note found on my pillow after my departure, explained all, it concluded in these words:—"Rest assured, mother, that I will strive to be an honor to you yet. I leave you in the hope that I, having chosen my own path, my beloved brother will assume his rights. Mother, and brother, God bless you! Farewell!"

I lingered by my brother's side, he was in deep repose. I knelt down by his bed, and implored God's blessing on his innocent head. Ah! now, as I refer to the past, I feel I can remember the long, long kiss imprinted on his smooth young brow. I remember, too, sitting down and stanching every neck and corner of our little chamber, and wondering if I should ever see them again. Ah! the agonizing gazing on his beautiful face, his free limbs, his bared arm—flung over his head, relieved with its golden curls—his child-like smile parting his bright lips, the sound of his breathing in his calm sleep; while I, little older than himself, was already old in irremediable sorrow and disgrace.

At eight o'clock the next night, I, who had been so tenderly nurtured, found myself in the coffee-room of a common inn in London, drenched to the skin. I had two pounds in my pocket, and knew not whither to turn for advice or assistance.

I had made my way up the town by a coach, on the top of which I had with difficulty obtained a seat, when I was some miles from home. The morning after my arrival, I removed to other quarters, fearing my mother would send in search of me to these inns where the coachers from our country put up.

"God temper the wind to the shorn lamb"—Fortune favored me by throwing me in the way of Captain Melton, who had frequently dined at my father's, and whose son was the midshipman I have alluded to. Knowing him well as a man of kindness, generosity and honor, I acquainted him all the circumstances that had led to my present forlorn situation. He took me himself to one of the lords of the admiralty, Lord Islingford, he bade me tell my own story. The nobleman sat up to listen eagerly, and his eye dimmed at my narration. When he had heard me out, he gave me a seat in the case of Captain Melton, who had just got the command of a frigate. As I left him, the old lord laid his hand upon my head and blessed me with a solemn voice and an expression of pity. I never forgot that.

Opportunities offered for my distinguishing myself. Our ship was on the African station. Death and disease among my shipmates gave me in a short space of time my promotion. The old lord bore me ever in his mind. My rise to a lieutenancy was a complete puzzle to those who did not know my history, and shortly afterwards I was removed from the frigate Captain Melton had commanded, and I was made a lieutenant on board the flag ship on the Cape station. It was not long before I was placed in command of a brig-of-war, and sent to the Western side of Africa.

It were ill once to recite my "perils by sea and land" on and off that coast, "the grave of Europeans." Enough that we lost more than half our population to "do or die" was inevitable. My officers and men were, in verity, the "forlorn of the brave." Strong, iron fellows, selected from crews who had served principally in this part of the Atlantic, and were therefore well inured to the climate and its fevers. Yellow Jack, however, laid them in the dust, and I, the youngest of the officers, was left to bear the brig home. Fever had shaken me, but I was in good health when I received the news of my father's death, and I was consequently able to bear the fatigue of the voyage. I found my mother and brother at home. Poor Harry! he had received an order to join the patronage of E. Edward. It was the only one to which I felt I had any right.

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Once more I was upon the waters, commanding a gallant frigate. Bonaparte had cast the gauntlet of defiance before him whenever and wherever he pleased. England's young Edward! sat in her victory glory on the ocean, watching his motions and sending forth at her need her warriors by sea and land, to circumvent his plans, or reply by "deeds" rather than "words," to his reckless acts of cruelty and ambition.

On the very heath, at the last hour of my departure, I remembered Lord Islingford. He was waiting he said, to wish me good luck ere I departed; and, as we shook hands, he closed his eyes with a "Now, Admiral Fitz-Edward, go and earn your peerage!" It would ill become me to recall all the deeds by which I sought to deserve of war, and the assistance of the gallant fellows under my command, enabled me, in the space of three years, to become the so-called hero of the day. I would, for the sake of those by whose help I earned my laurels, that my limits would permit me to record their deeds. They are registered however, in the proudest annals of England, and their names are engraven on the heart of their commander. The last engagement which we led, disabled, for a time, many of my brave men, as well as myself, and crippled my ship. Nevertheless I was enabled to take my prize, a French man-of-war, into harbor in the Medi-terranean, and after long repairs, to bring home, as my prisoner, the French Admiral, N——, bitter to the scourge of the seas, from his cruelty to those he captured. We had come in a close contest, lasted yard-arm and yard-arm, fighting hand to hand on each side of the deck, and where the sword was struck down, making the pistol was number back. The Lord of Hosts decreed the victory to us and I reached Portsmouth acknowledged as the winner of the battle.

A royal yacht was lying at Spithead. We sailed lest as we passed, a salute from the royal yacht cleft massed her yards and cheered our battered ship and regard ensign, with shouts echoed back from every vessel anchored there.

The regent was on board. He had come down for the purpose of witnessing the launching of several ships of war. I was not long ere a signal from the yacht summoned me on board her. As I raised my hat from my head, on touching the deck of the royal vessel, the prince advanced in front of the crowd of officers, and greeted me with extended hands. The band struck up, "See the Conquering Hero comes!" and the regent, leading me towards the cabin, ushered me into the presence of the group I had last seen as I left the porch of the little village church in N——shire.

Lord Islingford and his daughter, now my own sweet Anne, my wife, were added to the number. I know not what we said at first, there were such gleetings, anger, privation, suffering were more than absent. I know that I looked well and very lookin', and the prince stood apart smiling, amused no doubt, at Lady Anne's turning her back on his royal highness, and at her confusion, when reminded by one less lost than herself to all around but me.

"You have kept me, Admiral Fitz-Edward, said the gracious prince, "sitting about to my relief ever since the business of the launch was over. Hearing you had been spoken to off Falmouth, I have lingered to give you welcome, and to thank you for the victory you have gained. I must insist on your landing (not my people) said his royal highness, "and on your dining with us afterwards. I believe that the multitude on shore wait my arrival—I wish to land privately—go, and I shall be enabled to do so, for I shall be forgotten, and one Admiral Fitz-Edward," concluded the regent, with a glance at Lord Islingford, and a brilliant smile, "I shall be remembered no more."

And my brother, my generous-hearted brother! "Truly you have earned your peerage."

And my brother, my generous-hearted brother! These were more of triumph in his eye than mine. Not for himself but for me—yet which of the two was most truly noble? * * * Arm and arm we stepped from the hall upon the pebbly beach, and the multitude beat the air with their shouts, and the guns fired, and the ships saluted, and I was recognized as the lion of the day. How poor and insignificant I felt myself, in comparison with the teacher at my side!

"The day on which my sovereign was to honor us by knighting me, and the Society of Minorca, in commemoration of the victory my brave fellows had assisted me to win, the friends I have mentioned assembled at Lord Islingford's house in St. James' Square. My installation was to precede the last drawing-room of the season. My brother, however, deferred assuming his title till the Parliament met, but he accompanied me to the brilliant ceremony. When it was over, the regent's words were worthy of record, taking a hand of each brother, he said in the presence of some of his royal highness' most trusty friends, "You Lord Minorca, have done well, but be you, Lord Wallingford, you have done better."—such a sentiment was readily echoed back by the circle surrounding the royal presence.

I found on my return home, that my brother had married during my absence; her Lucy, like himself, had so much beyond her happy earth.

And now, in these pleasant days of peace, when we are all united at my brother's ancestral mansion, or in my honeymoon abode; when for pastime my gentle Anne recites this tale, as one of former days, and under disguised name, and asks of our children which of the two brothers hath done best; then doth my heart rejoice in their decision, and respond to it, that my acts of valor are as nothing, when compared to the moral dignity of my brother's noble self denial.

CAPTURING AN EXPRESSION.—Looking at the remarkably fine portrait of Commodore Perry, in the governor's room, City Hall, executed by Jarvis, recalls to Major Noah an anecdote of that celebrated artist, which we do not remember to have seen published. When the commodore came to take his last sitting, he appeared to be drooping and downcast, labouring under some depression of mind, which deprived him of all animation. The artist, with pallet in hand, looked at the commodore in every direction, not knowing where to begin. He paused, leaned, laid down his pallet, took it up again, and appeared unable to commence. Finally, starting up suddenly, he seized a chair, and assumed a threatening position. The commodore jumped up and asked the meaning of this violence.

"I intend to kill you," said the painter, with a furious look. The commodore started back, his eyes flashing fire, his whole countenance animated, and put himself in a defensive attitude. "Then that will do," said Jarvis coolly, "just the expression I wanted. Sit down and let me begin."

The commodore saw at once into his tact, smiled, sat down, and we have from the pencil of Jarvis one of the finest portraits ever painted.

Our Portrait Gallery.

MARIA EDGEWORTH.

The above is a portrait of Miss Edgeworth, taken many years ago, when she had lost much of the charms which had been given her by nature. Miss Edgeworth lived to the age of eighty-two; yet, to the last day of her life, her faculties remained unimpaired, and the fascination of her society was as great as ever. Those, even, who came in for a short morning call, would remain for hours, loth to terminate her conversation. The latter years of Miss Edgeworth's life were passed between Edgeworth's Town and the rectory of Trim, the residence of her brother-in-law, the rector, the amiable Dean Butler—himself a well-known scholar and antiquarian. Trim rectory is in the vicinage of Larcor, great in the recollections of Swift and Stella; and not far from it is the birth-place of Wellington; so that this locality combines the memory of three of the greatest minds of Ireland. Miss Edgeworth was expected at this rectory the very day on which the news of her death arrived. She had driven out in her carriage in her apparent usual health on that day, when she felt a sudden weakness, and returning home, she, in the course of a few hours, gradually and gently sunk into death. An Irish bard, intoxicated, on announcing her demise to a friend, writes thus:—"I feel it difficult to express my deep regret for Miss Edgeworth's sudden and totally unexpected death. You cannot well imagine the charm of her society, or the attractions of her manners and superior sense, she was never occupied by self: one was sure of pleasing her in whatever way one essayed the trial, she would laugh like an Irish woman in exuberant enjoyment of any pleasant subject; her warm-hearted benevolence, aided by her warm-hearted love of country, was delightful. I never felt greater gratitude in the affection of any one, male or female, than in here."

Romance of History.

FROM CAPTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

FANNY CROMWELL:
A Tale of the Puritans.

BY PROFESSOR ALDEN.

CHAPTER I.

Had one familiar with the scenes enacted in the palace of Whitehall, when occupied by Charles Stuart, visited it when occupied by Oliver Cromwell, he would have perceived a change scarcely less remarkable than would meet the view of one who should return to his native valley, and find the streamlets making their way up the hillsides! Puritanism was there; and Puritanism in the palace was, in no respect, different from Puritanism in the cottage. The Puritan family at Whitehall differed not from the thousands of Puritan families scattered over England. Morning and evening family worship was strictly observed, Oliver himself leading in the exercise, or receiving only such assistance from his domestic chaplain. Whitehall was the house of a family that feared God, and kept His commandments.

The frivolity and folly, the empty parade, the feasting and revelry, the sycophancy and corruption, which had flourished in the sunshine of royal favor, had disappeared. In the palace was a sober, settled, Grave and godly ministers, who, in Charles's time had never set foot there, unless it were to present, on bended knee, a petition that the symbols of Popery might not be insisted on too rigidly, and who, at length, had caused the heart of England to throb with unusual emotion, and a Puritan Parliament, frequent and welcome visitors; and no scene or custom, either by day or by night, to which they, even with their rigid rules of right, could take exception. Brave and pious military officers, men who could wield the sword of the spirit as well as the weapons of the flesh, were frequent visitors. Some nobles who recognized the divine right of the Protector, who trusted in his Christian heart, and who felt that the palace of the nation was more worthily occupied than when a King, with his corrupt favorites, tried its halls. The ambassadors of the powers of Europe, who had come to witness Puritan with punctilious deference, and felt for him a respect never cherished towards the wearer of an hereditary crown.

The peasant and the artisan, too, the representatives of all classes of the people, might freely enter their palace, and claim, for a brief moment at least, their ruler's ear.

It was the evening of the Sabbath—a day to be kept as holy at Whitehall as at the farmhouse in Huntingdon. Oliver, clothed in plain black cloth, and gray worsted stockings, the usual dress of Puritans of that period, is sitting between his aged and venerable mother, and his beloved wife Elizabeth. To her, writing from the bloody field of Dunbar, he had said: "Truly I love you not too well. I think I err not on the other hand, thou art dearer to me than any creature." With these professions the actions of his whole life were in keeping, his enemies themselves being witnesses. Mary Cromwell, a young lady of nineteen, in whose features are blended the firm decision of the father and the mild beauty of the mother, is sitting near with an open volume of Baxter, which was handed her by the Latin secretary. The youngest daughter, Fanny, just turned of sixteen, is sitting on a low seat at her father's feet, gazing (when his eye is averted) with mingled love and fear upon his grave and thoughtful countenance.

"You are cast down, my son," said the venerable mother. Mary closed her book, for she may not read, even by the familiar fireside, when one older than herself is present.

Before Oliver replied to his mother's remark, the door opened, and the chaplain, John Howe, the Prince of Puritan divines, entered the apartment. Oliver rose to receive him, and Fanny placed for him a chair. The act was acknowledged by a smile which slightly disturbed the contemplative repose of his countenance. Christian benevolence, calm intellectual power, piety and elevation of soul were seldom so exhibited as in the person and bearing of John Howe.

"I was saying to my son, as you entered," said the matron, "that he is cast down.

"My burden is indeed too heavy," said the Protector, in a despondent tone, his eyes being fixed on the floor.

"No burden is too heavy," said the Chaplain, in a mild, clear, penetrating voice, "as long as there is a God on whom it may be cast—so long as there remains the promise, 'as thy day is, so shall thy strength be.'

"We are poor, weak creatures," said Oliver, "and there is need that the lesson be often repeated, and suffering withal to teach us that all our sufficiency is of God. I have often said to myself, in now have I learned the lesson, yet, ere long, the burden again presseth heavily. But I am willing to be pressed out of measure—yea, even to the loss of life, if I may be an instrument of good to those who sigh and cry for the pure Gospel and Church to be in England, and to our Protestant brethren in other lands, that they may be delivered from the power of the man of sin, and may come up to the help of the Lord against the mighty."

As he uttered these words, he raised himself from the drooping position he had unconsciously taken, and his eye gave out one of those flashes which always caused Fanny's bosom to thrill with mingled emotions of fear and admiration.

"Providence has imposed upon you a great work," said Howe.

"Truly, I have not sought these things, I have been called into them by the Lord, and therefore I am not without some assurance that he will enable his poor, worn, and weak servant to do His will and fulfil my generation."

Have did not doubt the sincerity of that solemn declaration. His profoundly thoughtful and penetrating mind did not detect Oliver's religious hypocrisy. That notable discovery was the work of kingly parasites.

"The work is going forward," said Howe, "to the rejoicing of good men, and to the confusion of those who oppose themselves. Mr. Baxter, whom I lately saw, tells me that the peace with Spain, which England now is blessed, and her good prospect for a godly ministry, such as these later times have not seen."

Baxter looked not with favor upon me, nor upon the government committed to my hand; yet I would that England, yea, all Christendom, knew men who, like him, do earnestly desire to save the souls of men. My Cousin Hampden loved him among a few. He will, I doubt not, welcome him to the everlasting rest."

He again took a position indicating great physical weariness.

"You must take some rest," said his wife, in a low sweet voice which caused every ear to listen and every eye to be turned upon her.

A smile touched his iron lips, as he said: "If I had sought a life of rest, I should have remained at Huntingdon. But it is not in man that walketh to direct his steps." Then, as if desiring to change the topic of conversation, he turned to Howe and said: "There is good news from a far country."

"Whence?"

"From our brethren in America. God hath stirred up the hearts of some of His people there to preach Christ to the savage idolaters, and a great and mighty work of the Lord is going on there through His servant Eliot; I would fain have a hand in that work."

"God seems to lead and bless our brethren there as the old Israel of old."

"It shall be a land to His praise, long after we shall sleep with our fathers. It was once in my heart to go thither, but the Lord had need of me here."

Oliver then made a sign to Mary, who placed the Bible before the chaplain. He proceeded to read and expound a chapter—the object for which he entered the apartment. When the chapter was finished and the volume closed, he paused for a moment, that mention might be made of any object for which special prayer was desired. All present believed in the power of prayer to move the hand which moves the universe.

"My wife and dears," said Oliver, "purpose, if the Lord will, to go down to Huntingdon on the morrow. We seek the blessing of God that the journey may prosper, and the end thereof be gained."

They then kneeled (with the exception of the aged mother) and prayer was offered. It consisted of hearty thanksgivings for blessings received, and of earnest petitions for mercies needed. The wants of the body and of the soul were so clearly set forth, there was such a spirit of earnestness—of confidence, that the blessings asked for would be bestowed—that no sense of weariness was felt, though the service was prolonged for nearly an hour. The members of that family were placed in circumstances requiring great mercies. They believed that those mercies could be had for the asking, and they were willing to spend the time needful to that end. This was the secret of the long prayer of the Puritans—not long after the manner of those rebuked by the Saviour.

When the prayer was ended, the chaplain retired, receiving the same tokens of respect which the family or the Huntingdon farmer was accustomed to pay to their minister. The daughters received the parental kiss with which they were wont to retire for the night, and Whitehall was soon the scene of slumbers as profound as those that blessed the lowliest cottage in the land.

CHAPTER II.

Early in the morning of a pleasant day in the latter part of May, Lady Cromwell and her daughters, Mary and Fanny, set out for Huntingdon, leaving Elizabeth, a married daughter, and the aged mother, to keep Oliver company during the brief hours he could spare from the care of England and Christendom.

"Take care of little Fan, Mary," said Oliver, as the coach was about to start

This very natural expression of an affectionate father's love, caused a singular commotion in the bosom of little Fan. She was passive and reserved till the coach left the pavements, and the green fields were open to her view; she then seemed to catch the spirit of the birds, who were apparently keeping holiday. She talked, laughed and sang in a way which would have given great surprise to those who had seen her only at Whitehall, where she appeared timid, quiet, and demure.

"My dear, you will forgive yourself," said Lady Cromwell.

"Oh, mother, let me sing, I am so happy."

The mother made no further effort to check the outgoings of her daughter's heart. She rejoiced that the care which fell upon the father, and of consequence upon his wife, pressed not upon their child.

About mid-day the coach drew up before an inn. "Mother," said Fanny, blushing as she spoke, "there is the chariot of the Earl of Warwick."

"How do you know that?" said Lady C.

"It bears his coat of arms."

"I did not know that you were so well read in heraldry."

"I am not, only—I—happened to notice the Warwick arms." She did not deem it necessary to speak of what had caused her thus to notice them.

It was true that the Earl of Warwick and his favorite grandson, Edward Rich, were stopping for an hour at the inn. "The Earl was a friend to the rule of Oliver. He treated her highness with courtly politeness, while Edward bestowed his attentions upon the daughters, with whom he was now, for the first time, made acquainted. There was something in Fanny's manner towards him which led Mary to think they had met before. Certainly she did not, as she was wont, conceal herself behind her sister, and turn upon her the burden of conversation with the stranger.

Her vivacity did not return when they resumed their journey. Her quick eye discerned the shade that had passed over Mary's features, and she rightly divined the cause.

Late in the evening they arrived at their destination. It was a plain mansion, situated in the northern extremity of Huntingdon. It was venerable for its antiquity, and most interesting to Lady Cromwell, as the scene of the first sixteen years of her wedded life.

As soon as the sisters were alone in their chamber, Fanny threw her arms of faultless mould around the neck of Mary, and, tenderly kissing her, said: "My dear sister thinks I have been wanting in duty to her."

Mary did not disarrow the impuled thought. "It is not so," continued Fanny, and the tear-drop rolled down her cheek in proof of her sincerity.

"When," said Mary, "did you meet with young Rich?"

"I never spoke with him before this day; I have seen him often when I have been riding with our grandmother in the park."

"I thought from your manner that you had met before."

"I have no concealments from my sister," (—not spoken with your usual truth—you have not told Mary of the glance exchanged between you, and how irregular were the beatings of your heart—) "do you not think the Earl is a noble-looking man?"

"He is, as our father says, a noble of God's creation. I am sorry that he has such an unworthy son."

"Lord Rich's misconduct should not prejudice us against the father, nor against his son."

"The manners of the young man resemble his father's."

"Do you think so? But Lord Rich's manners are more graceful than those of any one I have seen at Whitehall. I have sometimes wished that our friends had something of his courtliness."

"I prefer the plain ways of those who fought with our father, they seem to scorn concealment and undue civilization, and to rely upon merit alone."

"They sometimes inspire me with fear. I could wish that their persons were as polished as their hearts are pure."

"Would you find fault with the manners of our honored father?"

"No—no, I would not have him changed. Did you see him when the French ambassador was last at Whitehall? There was a majesty in his bearing that made me tremble. I could scarcely believe he was my own dear father. Is it not strange that he loves us so tenderly?"

"What a thought!"

"I know I have strange thoughts sometimes. I have sat and watched his countenance as he has been thinking of his great designs and cities, and then he has laid his hand upon my head, or stooped and kissed me—I have wondered that he could turn from his high thoughts to think of me. Do you think he likes young Rich?"

Mary paused before she answered. "I am sure I do not know."

"He loves the Earl."

Mary was not disposed to continue the conversation. She kissed her sister for good night, and was soon asleep. Fanny was wakeful, and her thoughts went up, had too exclusive reference to the young and graceful heir of the Earl of Warwick.

CHAPTER III.

Oliver was married to Elizabeth Bourcher in 1620. They took up their residence at Huntingdon, where they lived for sixteen years in quietness, nor dreamed of exaltation to a lofier station. Here all their children, except the youngest, were born, and there, for

The World Abroad.

PENCILLINGS IN ENGLAND.

BY D. W. GOLDEN.

GRISI, ALBONI AND JENNY LIND

I saw Mademoiselle Alboni before I saw her great rival the "Swedish nightingale," Jenny Lind. Madame Grisi sang with her upon the occasion, and to my unsophisticated ear, sang very enchantingly, too. But she is no longer the rage of the fashionable world—her brightest days are past and gone. Making no pretensions to musical skill, of course I venture upon no criticisms, yet I can relate my *impressions*. It was my first visit to an opera, and I should not perhaps have then made the visit except at the invitation of a kind friend who urged me to share his box with him for the evening at the Royal Italian Opera. We stepped into our box (which cost for the night twenty-five dollars) a few minutes before eight, the time for the curtain to rise, and the sight of itself, was worth the trouble of a visit. Imagine a vast interior lighted by a mammoth chandelier—emitting light like the sun—between two and three hundred splendid boxes filled with the nobility, and aristocracy of England, blood, wealth and talent—a vast pit, a stall gallery and an amphitheatre, and you have the inside of the Royal Italian Opera. The dress-etiquette of the boxes, pit and stalls, is ludicrously rigid, even to white kid gloves and a certain colored waistcoat—but "where a man is among Romans," or fools, "he must do as the Romans" or fools "do." The opera for the evening was Scott's delicious *Lady of the Lake*, Italianized. The band of performers was immense in numbers, and the effect of their music, when combined with the voices of the singers, was almost miraculous. An idea of the power and sublimity of musical sounds stole over me, such as I never felt before.

Madame Grisi was dressed in the simplest manner possible—in plain white, with a crimson sash tied prettily about the waist. Her figure like her acting, was good, especially where fire, enthusiasm, and daring were in the lines she sung. Her eyes flashed forth the true Italian fire, and her hair was dark and beautiful. Her voice, to me, was surprisingly sweet and thrilling, and while she sang, I could but recollect the anecdote of her, which is said to be true—how that once being invited by some haughty nobleman in London to an evening party, when the supper was announced, an official politely informed her that supper was provided in a *distinct room for the musicians!* The proud nobleman, in the insolence of his haughtiness, forgot decency in his treatment of an invited guest! How Grisi stormed—how her black eyes shot lightning, and her step grew haughty! A half-dozen of the "pink" of the nobility and literary aristocracy followed her into her secluded supper room, and there, with her associate singers, she sung such songs of marvellous beauty, that the outsiders would have fallen upon their knees for admission to the *saloon* supper-table! There was yet left the magnificent, passionate acting of the *stormy* qualities, and that sweet dignity that was her glory in the days when she was the morning star.—Now she is the evening star, for her zenith days are gone.

Mdlle. Alboni sung the part of Malcolm the same evening, and her voice was the softest, clearest, that I had then ever heard. She was dressed with simplicity and the charm of her acting was in a certain naiveté that appeared in every gesture. She is fat, and with a beautiful complexion, auburn hair, and a low, broad forehead. When she came out upon the stage, she was greeted with great applause, and her first notes were like a bird's—so soft, gushing and artless. Although so far away from her, in a distant box, each note came to us clearly and distinctly. At length she seemed to gather courage, or passion, and grew more fitful and declamatory in her style and voice. Then the mighty orchestra broke in upon her, and yet above its tempest, her sweet voice warbled, fainter, yet almost as clearly as ever. Then the orchestra's thunder died away and she was alone, soaring step by step to her climax. Every moment added to the intense passion of her manner, and the wonderful compass and depth of her voice. Up and up, farther and farther into the deep blue, went her voice, until an idea seized me that a certain note—so high that I could only *imagine* it—should be her resting place, should complete the harmony. And by one beautiful effort she reached it, and poised there like a lark, filling the capacious theatre with the thrilling note, and then sank back exhausted. All had been still, painfully still, until her climax was reached and finished, but then such a clapping of delicate hands, such a waving of kerchiefs, I never saw before. Lord Morpeth (now Earl of Carlisle) arose in his box, and threw to her a splendid bouquet, which, with admirable perception, she threw into the hands of her rival, Grisi. The two sons of old despotic Louis Philippe (now Count de Neuilly) were there, and "followed suit" with their bouquets. There were many other thrilling scenes and passages, but none equalling in wonderful compass of voice and almost sublimity of passion, this scene.

The next night Jenny Lind, pure hearted Jenny Lind, sung as Lucia, in *Lucia di Lammermoor*. The price of boxes rose from twenty-five dollars to eighty, and were all eagerly bought up at that price. I will say nothing of her voice, it has so often been justly praised by the greatest of critics. But of her manner, appearance and actions, I will speak. There was a free hearted, almost *school-girl-ishness* in her manner, that captivated all that saw her, and would have done so had she not sung a note. With a full, round, merry face, rich, ripe lips, and mild eyes, and a frank, simple bearing, she was the *beau-ideal* of a poet—add to this, consummate acting, and a voice whose marvellous powers alone would captivate any musical audience in the world—and you have the incomparable Jenny Lind. I confess that my chiefest pride in her lies in the fact that with all her miraculous powers, notwithstanding all her splendid temptations from the luxurious noblemen that threw bouquets to her, she remains as pure, as sweet, as free, and generous, as when she graced the humble home of that simple manufacturer at Stockholm—her father.—Amid the applauses and flatteries of the Berliners, the Parisians and the Londoners, she preserves her original simplicity and pureness of heart. One of her most intimate friends is Mrs S C. Hall, the fine-hearted authoress of "The White Boy," and "Tales of Woman's Trials," and other works, whose "Rosery," at Old Brompton is close by Jenny Lind's London home. The various reports of her marriage with a Mr. Harris, of Bath, are false, and I have serious doubts whether she ever knew any Harris, though it is barely possible that she is engaged to him and the reports are only premature. She deserves as fine a husband as there is in Old England.—*Olive Branch.*

Miscellaneous.

LANGUAGE OF NATURE.

A gentleman of our acquaintance, while travelling some years ago on the continent, was on one occasion sadly at a loss how to make himself understood. Coming to an inn, in Holland, where not a single word of either English or French was spoken, he felt himself, as he called it, "completely stuck up;" he wished to order dinner, but no one could comprehend his meaning, until, at length, having recourse to signs, the universal language of nature, he fully effected his purpose. He pointed to his mouth with one hand, while with the other he pointed to four o'clock on the dial of his watch, after which he made a show of spreading a cloth on a table, all which signs were too significant to be misunderstood. A capital dinner smoked on the table at the hour which he had indicated. This was droll enough in its way, but not half so ludicrous as the case of the same nature told by Mr. Cooper, in his late work "Excursions in Switzerland." Here is his account of the affair:—"We reached Alstetten to breakfast, and here we encountered a serious difficulty; we could not make ourselves understood. Our German was by no means classical; and English, Italian, and French, were all Hebrew to the good people of the inn. The coachman was from one of the Bernese valleys, and spoke habitually so pure a *patois* as heart could wish. But even *his patois* would not do; for the *patois* of the district would own no fellowship with that of this linguist. In this dilemma I was thrown upon the language of nature. It was not difficult to make the hostess understand that we wished to eat. So far, all was well—but '*what* would we eat?' We were sufficiently hungry to eat anything; but how was one to express 'any thing' by signs? It might be interpreted so easily into 'every thing!' In this crisis I bethought me of a long neglected art, and crowed like a cock. The shrill scientific strain had hardly reached the ear of the good woman before it was answered by such a peal of laughter as none but village lungs could raise. W———, who is an admirable mimic, ran after the convulsed party (two or three girls had been anxiously awaiting the result,) and began quite successfully to cackle like a hen. He was answered by screams of laughter. In due time, we had a broiled fowl, an *omelette*, and boiled eggs; but to the last moment none of the 'women-kind' could look at us without hearty bursts of merriment. To be sure, it was droll enough to hear hunger bursting out spontaneously in these paroxysms of natural eloquence."

TO YOUNG MEN.—One of the finest and bravest of the officers who have lately fallen upon the ensanguined plains of Mexico, and one that obtained [illegible] and distinguished promotion, while a cadet [illegible] Point, being importuned by a high-spirited [illegible] companion to drink with him the en[illegible], and chided for his cowardly refusal, [illegible]—"My mother would not wish me

A THRILLING SKETCH.

"Join us in the pledge, Colonel; surely you will not refuse me," said a beautiful bride, emerging from a bevy of bridesmaids and extending a glass of brimming champaigne as she spoke.

The gentleman whom she addressed had studiously refrained, during the evening, from drinking any of the costly wine, prepared for the guests. But finding himself the object of general attention—for when the bride spoke every eye was upon him—he colored, stammered a few indistinct words, took the glass and, bowing gracefully, drank long life and happiness to the bride.

"I told you I should succeed," said the young and happy creature, her eyes sparkling with triumph, as she retired into the circle of bridesmaids. "I knew Colonel Warren would not refuse me. What a pity he has got such puritanical notions in his head. He used to be foremost with a happy allusion or eloquent sentiment when the wine circulated."

No one was there to contradict this joyous but thoughtless creature, or to tell her that Colonel Warren's indulgence in wine nearly proved his ruin. He had been absent from his native city for some years, during which period he had formed a resolution not to drink, in consequence of a conviction of his own weakness. On his return, his old associates in vain persuaded him to alter his determination. On various festive occasions they had endeavored to induce him to join them in pledging each other, but his answers had always been the same. This was the first time, since his return, that wine had been introduced in the presence of ladies. It was resolved to try whether the influence of the sex would not break a resolution which more than one felt to be a reproach on himself. How the scheme succeeded we have seen.

No pen can adequately describe the emotions of Col Warren during the moment he hesitated before taking the proffered glass from the bride. He was chivalrous to a fault in his demeanor to the sex, and had never been known to refuse a favor asked by a woman. The bride was the daughter of his early friend, a cherished treasure, whom he had many a time dandled on his knee, and whom he had never done anything to slight or pain. He stood as we have seen, irresolute for a moment, hesitating between fears for the result, and a dislike to disoblige his favorite on this her wedding night. But at length he had fatally yielded.

Little did the young bride think of the dreadful issue of her tempting words and smiles. Little did she dream that the hankering love for wine, which had once reduced her victim to the verge of confirmed inebriacy, would awake again at the taste of that glass and rage with more violence than ever. Young, happy, and thoughtless, she looked only at the present triumph, without considering the result. How then was she surprised to hear, a few months after her marriage, that Col. Warren had become an inebriate—that he rarely retired to bed unless in a state of intoxication, and that in consequence his fine person was becoming disfigured, and his large fortune wasting away. She shuddered, but still did not think of her own agency in the matter, and, when next she met him, with the privilege of youth and beauty, ventured to plead with him on the subject.

"Madam," said he, in reply, and the melancholy and somewhat stern tone in which he spoke never left her memory, "it is too late! I was once as I am now—I rallied, took a resolution never to drink again—I broke that resolution, you know how, and when; and now I am a hopeless inebriate."

He turned and left her presence. Her eyes were opened. Oh! bitterly did she reproach herself for having spoken those fatal words. For nights she could not sleep. She sought again and again to see her victim, but he shunned her presence. They never met again but once. Reader! would you know how?

Some years after, on a cold, bleak morning in January, a travelling sleigh, drawn by two splendid horses, was dashing along the turnpike between Norristown and Philadelphia. There had been a snow storm during the night, and the flakes lay piled against the fences and banks, where they had been driven by the ice winds which swept down from the hills beyond the Schuylkill. The sky was still overcast; the wind yet raged violently, and it was intensely cold. Few scenes can be more desolate. Houses, barns, trees, and hay ricks, were covered with snow, and the cattle cowering in the sheds, seemed everywhere to beseech the sky in vain. As the sleigh, with its merry bells, whirled down the long hill that leads to the Manayunk turnpike, the horses suddenly shied, nearly precipitating the vehicle into an opposite snow bank. A lady slightly screamed and looked out in alarm from the furs that enveloped her; but seeing no cause for danger, she was about to order the driver to proceed, when her little boy, pointing to the object which had startled the horses, said,—"Mother, what can that be in the road? surely it is a man's hat?"

The lady turned. In the centre of the highway was a pile of drifted snow a little longer than a human body. One end of the pile had been blown away, disclosing, as the boy said, a man's hat.

"Gracious heaven!" she exclaimed, "can it be that some poor wretch has frozen to death here? James," and she turned to the footman, "go and see."

With intense interest the lady watched while the servant brushed away the snow. In a few seconds it was apparent that a corpse was indeed there, and it was not long before the cause of the man's death was evident in an empty jug beside him. The spectators breathlessly awaited while the ice cakes were being removed from the face, for the lady was within a short distance of her home, and thought that perhaps she might recognize the being. She stepped out of the sleigh and approached the corpse.

"Colonel Warren!" she said, becoming ghastly pale, and staggering; "Colonel Warren dying thus, a common drunkard! Oh! just Heaven, this is too much!"

And thus the victim and his destroyer met for the last time. It was the once thoughtless bride who now stood above the corpse."

LAW VS. JUSTICE.

Andrew Cole, of Buffalo, made a note of $22 50 nearly two years ago, to the order of Benjamin Dole, which Dole duly indorsed. *The note was presented to the maker at maturity*, and payment refused; whereupon the following notice of protest was served on Dole:

BUFFALO, Sept. 8, 1847.

DEAR SIR: A note of $22 50 made by Andrew Cole and payable to your order, and indorsed by you, is due this day, and has not been paid. You will therefore take notice that I am the owner and holder of said note, and look to you for the payment of the same.

Yours, &c. C. R. GOLD.

Of course, it must seem clear to a plain man that Dole, if honest and able, had nothing to do but pay the note; but he chose to pay his money instead to some pettifogger to invent an excuse for not doing as he had promised, and he did it. The plea put in was that *the notice of protest was insufficient*, in not stating that the note had been presented to Cole and payment refused by him, (as was the fact.) This plea was overruled by the Justice's Court in which the note was sued, and Dole ordered to pay the note and cost. He appealed to the Recorder's Court (Buffalo,) and was again beaten. He appealed again to the Supreme Court, Eighth District, and that Court has just given judgment in his favor—the four Judges, Mullett, Hoyt, Sill and Marvin, uniting in a judgment that the notice of protest was insufficient; so that Dole gets clear of paying, and Gold not only loses the face of the note, but has to pay probably four or five hundred dollars' smart-money for his temerity in asking for his money and presuming that New York law bears some other than an inverse relation to justice. And the four Judges aforesaid favor the public with some two columns of citations intended to prove that their decision is in accordance with the judgments of British Courts. Very likely it is, though even those Judges have hard work to make it accord with the decision of the United States Supreme Court in the case of Mills vs. the United States Bank where, a man having indorsed a note payable at a certain Bank, a simple notice that it remained unpaid was held sufficient, although it had not been presented to the maker at all.

It does seem to us that these Judges have committed a grievous error and inflicted a cruel wrong. Their line of argument would have just answered in case the holder of the note had actually neglected to present it at maturity to the maker, or had failed to use reasonable diligence to find him in order to present it; but as the maker was found, the note was presented, and payment was refused, the escape of the indorser through so small a hole as that of the alleged insufficiency of the above notice, looks to us like a direct premium on bad faith.

But the aspect we like least of this decision is the new importance it gives to lawyers and lawcraft generally. It is virtually a decree by four lawyers that even so simple a matter as informing an indorser that he is liable to pay a note cannot be performed without the aid of a lawyer. No simple mechanic or trader can safely trust himself to notify his neighbor that a liability hitherto contingent, has become absolute, even for the small amount of twenty dollars. The note must be ground through an office and pay a liberal percentage of toll.—*N. Y. Tribune.*

BLACK LEAD.—The lead from which pencil points are made, come from the principal plumbago mine in the world, at Borrowdale, Cumberland, England. It is situated in a hill, and instead of being worked constantly, like other mines, is opened once a year, when a sufficient quantity is taken out to supply the world for the year to come, when it is again closed with strong doors, bars and locks until the next annual supply is required. From the time of Queen Elizabeth it is said that all the fine pencils in the world have been made of the black lead of this mine.

United States SATURDAY POST.

HENRY PETERSON, EDITOR.

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ALL THE CONTENTS OF THE POST ARE SET UP EXPRESSLY FOR IT, AND IT ALONE. IT IS NOT A MERE REPRINT OF A DAILY PAPER.

TO POSTMASTERS.

We trust our old friends, the Postmasters, will exert themselves and get up large Clubs for the mammoth Post; or if they do not feel inclined to take advantage of our liberal offers themselves, that they will show *our* Prospectus to some other influential and responsible person who will be willing to do so. We think there need be no great difficulty in getting subscribers to the enlarged paper, as those who will take the trouble to compare it with the other weekly papers, cannot fail to perceive that it outshines all competition. Let it be remembered, also, that *the postage is just the same on a first class paper, as on the meanest and poorest of the small reprints.*

NOTICE.

Subscribers wishing their paper changed, will please give the name of the Post Office to be changed *from*, as well as the Post Office they wish it hereafter sent to.

All persons addressing letters to us should be careful to give the name of the State as well as of the town in which they live.

Post Masters or others sending for Clubs, would confer a favor by having them sent to one address when they can do so conveniently.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

☞ There is scarcely one chance in ten that a piece will be accepted, whatever its merits, if it be not written in a hand *easy to read*. Many of our correspondents doubtless think they write very well, but their manuscripts are more difficult to decipher than those of a boy who has had only one term's education. We have no patience to puzzle out hieroglyphics, and we seldom take the time. When we were a novice at editing, we used frequently to spend hours in deciphering bad manuscript, but when we found that in nine cases out of ten, those whose productions were worth reading, wrote in a clear and legible hand, we reformed our practice in this respect.

ACCEPTED. Poems by "Walter Wildwood," and "The Wife's Prayer to Death."

DECLINED. The "Lord's Ten Commandments," "The Bereaved Mother," "Whiskey and Tobacco," "Stanzas composed on turning up some Arrow Heads," the "June Freshet," and "Autumn" are respectfully declined.

THE VISION OF ABDALLAH. Very fairly written, but too much after the pattern of the old Allegories.

K. is a Pennsylvanian, now residing in Texas. K. says:

"Near a quarter of a century has passed away since I left the land of my nativity and place of my education. Her mountains of blue, her vallies of green and yellow and her garden-fields are fresh in my mind; their memories are sweet and dear to my heart; they never, never can fade. Scenes of the most thrilling, trying, and terrific cast—the carnage field—the fearful works of city epidemics, and the horrors and sufferings of shipwreck on our enemy's coast, the writer has passed through, together with the ordinary scenes of life, tender and beatific, and many of the most blighting and withering nature; and yet the land of his nativity, the scenes of his childhood and youth with all their varied associations, are fresh in his mind, warming to his heart and first in his soul. Pure, sedate, manly Pennsylvania, peace, peace be within thy borders!"

We would inform K. that the above is decidedly better poetry than the verses which accompany it—and we therefore publish it instead of them. Our hand to the native of the "Old Keystone," who does not forget her in a far land.

A LIFE BUD. Not bad, this—*but* then friend "Excelsior," it is not *very* good. "*Excelsior!*"

A PHILOSOPHICAL QUESTION. A correspondent, G., says:

On the 5th page of the 14th edition of Comstock's Philosophy, it says;—"It must be remembered that the projectile force does not in the least interfere with the force of gravity." 56th page 241st verse says: "A rifle ball, or any other body projected forward horizontally, will reach the ground in exactly the same period of time, as one that is let fall perpendicularly from the same height." If this is true, why do the planets keep their respective distances from the sun? G.

It strikes us, with G., that there is an apparent contradiction in the Philosophy; perhaps some of our philosophical readers will explain it.

RECOGNITION OF HUNGARY

The Secretary of State has addressed the following letter to L. R. Breisach, of New York, in reply to one inviting the Government to recognise the independence of Hungary:

DEPARTMENT OF STATE, WASHINGTON, 25th June, 1849.

L. R. BREISACH, Esq., New York.—SIR:—I am requested by the President to acknowledge the receipt of your letter to him of the 7th inst., and the printed account of the proceedings of the meeting of the Hungarians and others in New York. These proceedings had not escaped attention.

The Government and the people of this country are profoundly interested in the events which are now passing in Hungary, and all information calculated to throw light on the present struggle between that country and Austria and Russia, cannot fail to be welcome.

It is the policy and practice of the United States to recognize all Governments which exhibit to the world convincing proofs of their power to maintain themselves.

If Hungary sustains herself in this unequal contest, there is no reason why we should not recognize her independence. Congress, it is believed, would sanction such a measure, and this Government would be most happy, in that event, to enter into commercial as well as diplomatic relations with independent Hungary.

I am, sir, respectfully your ob't serv't,
JOHN M. CLAYTON.

Mr. Breisach seems to be very well pleased with the above letter. He precedes it with the following note:

In publishing the following letter of the United States Government, I intend to join to it the expression of the warmest thanks, which, as I am convinced, will be the sentiments of my countrymen in Hungary, as they are of the Hungarians living here, for the strong sympathy of the noble American nation and its Government; a sympathy manifested by the former on various occasions, and by the latter in the following lines: (Here follows the letter.)

We think Mr. Breisach is very easily satisfied. Mr. Clayton says not a word that can be fairly construed into sympathy with Hungary. He says the American Government is "*profoundly interested* in the events now passing in Hungary," and that "all information calculated to throw light upon the struggle between Hungary and Austria and Russia, *cannot fail to be welcome*"—but there would be no inconsistency in writing a precisely similar epistle to the Czar. So far from expressing sympathy, it is a cold-blooded and cautious document, doubtless intended to express nothing more than that, even in *feeling*, the United States must be neutral.

This view is borne out by the remainder of the letter. The Secretary says: "If Hungary *sustains herself* there is no reason we should not recognize her independence." Of course not. It is, as the Secretary says, the "policy and practice" of the United States, to recognize every Government, liberal or despotic, which exhibits to the world convincing proofs of its power to sustain itself. And the Secretary of State gravely promises to do *as much* by Hungary. He will recognize Hungary, fighting for freedom, *just as soon* as he would if she were fighting for Slavery! Indeed!

We confess we are, as Americans and lovers of freedom the world over, disappointed in Mr. Clayton's letter. It neither expresses the feeling of the American people, or of the Whig party which he is supposed more particularly to represent. While we acknowledge that the wisest policy for the United States—wisest both in respect to her own interests, and the interests of Freedom—is to remain practically neutral in foreign quarrels, we demand that our Government shall sympathize in spirit with the struggling nations of Europe, and where a Republic is established with any reasonable prospect of permanency, hasten to recognize it. This much we owe to our position as the Model Republic of the earth—and less than this we cannot give to the struggling millions, looking up to us, as to brethren by nature, from the cruel depths of their bondage.

A STRANGE STORY.

The Montreal "Courier" tells the following queer story, in order to comfort the Canadians in view of the peltings which Lord Elgin has received in that city:

We will just remind our Radical friends that only a twelvemonth ago, Mr. President Polk, on landing at the Navy Yard, Philadelphia, *was received by the populace with a shower of brickbats*, part of a wall being pulled down to furnish the weapons; the mob pursued him to the house of Mr. Dallas, groaning, hooting, and blowing horns and whistles; and *it was with the greatest difficulty that some troops of the volunteer cavalry managed to protect him from its fury.* This is an instance that the populace of other towns than Montreal, sometimes forget the respect due to the governing powers.

Our Canada readers may take our word for it that there is not a *particle* of truth in the above. Further, we may state that no American President was ever received with indignity, at any time, in any city of the Union. We have too much respect for the "powers that be," in the United States, to tolerate such doings.

EUROPEAN REPUBLICANISM.

Our readers have doubtless wondered again and again within the past year, so fruitful of great events, how it was that the popular cause in Europe, should generally have proved unable to maintain the advantages it had acquired. They have seen in France, Prussia, Austria, and other States, revolutions successful for the moment, but which have, contrary to the old republican adage, "gone backwards." The general explanation of the success of such reactionary movements, has been the ignorance of the great mass of the people. It has been alleged that long ages of political servitude have unfitted the people to rise at once into the dignity of freemen, who know their rights, and, knowing, dare maintain them. We do not deny that this explanation is satisfactory to a degree, but recent developments incline us to the belief that the cause of such reactions is to be found quite as much in the folly and ultraisms of the leaders of the liberal party of Europe, as in the weakness and ignorance of the masses.

For instance, turn to France. The people of France are doubtless in favor of Constitutional Republicanism, with democratic tendencies. They would rally around a Republican party, disposed to extend a helping hand to struggling liberty in Italy, Germany and Hungary, "progressive" at home, and cherishing a love of order, a respect of law, and a desire to avoid a resort to the sword, except in the last extremity. But when the masses of the French people turn to seek for such a party, what do they find in its place? The "Red Republicans,"—a party which has little respect for the sacredness of order, has an utter contempt for the rights of property, reckons Constitutional Freedom as of less importance than some impracticable theory, and manifests on the whole a moral and intellectual recklessness revolting to all except that lowest class which, either through crime or misfortune, has "nothing to lose, and everything to gain."

In Germany we have reason to fear that the republican cause has fallen into the hands of men of a somewhat similar stamp. The following is an extract from a Manifesto of the German Democrats congregated in Switzerland:

"The reform of the present state of society must go hand in hand with and be made permanent by a reform in the system of education and public instruction. Education and instruction must, therefore, be stripped of religious doubts and superstitions. Its sole object is to make men fit companions for each other. RELIGION, *which must be banished from society, must vanish from the mind of man.* Art and poetry will realize the ideals of the true, the good, and the beautiful, which religion places in an uncertain future.

"*The revolution generally destroys religion by rendering hopes of Heaven superfluous, by establishing the liberty and welfare of all on earth.* We pay attention, therefore, to religious struggles and contentions (the formation of free congregations, and so forth) so far only as we may, under the phrase religious liberty, understand freedom from all religions. We do not desire liberty of belief, but *the necessity of unbelief.* In this, as in all other respects, we wish to break entirely with the past. We do not wish to engraft a fresh branch upon a rotten stem; *we in no respect desire reform, but every where revolution.*"

Now, we say nothing against the honesty of the authors of the above Manifesto; but it is not to be wondered at that the masses of the people should recoil from following such leaders. We know not, in the paucity of news from Germany, to what extent the Republican cause is infected with such false and pernicious notions, but as it seems evident that it is not warmly supported by the middle classes, we fear that German republicanism also has fallen into the hands of incompetent men.

That our readers may judge for themselves as to the honesty of the "Red Republican" party, we quote the following from the examination of Ledru Rollin, at the trial of the May conspirators. M. Rollin was frank to effrontery. He said:

"I will tell you how we revolutionary republicans set to work. We seize and turn to account some idea or topic *sympathetic to the people—ad captandum.* We do not say whither we go, but the ball is set in motion. When the obnoxious Government is overturned, we, by a device (*tour*) not less ingenious and adroit, substitute another Government of *our own*."

Thus the Red Republicans sought to take advantage of the popular feeling respecting the shameful action of the Government towards Rome. They failed, however, to "set the ball in motion"—and Ledru Rollin is an exile.

Again, in the Assembly, when anathematizing that body, and requested to remember that it was the offspring of universal suffrage, Ledru Rollin said:

"I can understand the force of universal suffrage; but there is something superior to it—*Eternal Justice.*"

And, on this abstract principle, Ledru Rollin and his colleagues, felt themselves at liberty to plot a forcible overthrow of the government of the *majority*, in order to establish their "eternal justice" government of the *minority* in its place.

Now, is it to be wondered at, that the people of France, often called upon to choose between "reactionists" and *such* republicans, should prefer the former? The great mass of the people of France, outside the cities, are holders of land—a large proportion of the land of France being held in quantities of from three to twenty acres—and is it to be wondered at, that they should refuse to give their support to a party, one of whose champions contends that "property is theft," and all of whose leaders seem to have no very sacred idea of the rights of property? Or, is it to be expected that men who depend upon their daily industry to furnish food for their wives and children, should consent to France being turned topsy-turvy, because a *minority* believe the *majority* are violating "eternal justice" in respect to Rome?

Looking at the subject from this point of view, and it seems a fair one, we cannot wonder at the recent successes of the reactionary party in Europe. Neither in France nor in Germany has any man prominently appeared, who seems fitted to guide the struggling forces of Freedom. Hungary has her Kossuth; but to the rest of Europe, the Man for the Hour has not yet been given. We wait in the patience, hoping for that day when, in the fulness of time, men shall arise in France and Germany, gifted with the strong practical sense of a Washington and a Cromwell, and commissioned by God and Nature to build up as well as to break down.

A DIFFICULT POSITION

The following letter will explain itself. The writer only gives us his initials, and we hope he will excuse us from advising him in the premises. We never meddle, from principle, in "family quarrels." Perhaps, however, some one of our multitude of bright-eyed and rosy-lipped readers may minister advice to our correspondent, by way of a communication.

Carlisle, July 4th, 1849.

MY DEAR SIR: For once in my life, this Anniversary of the Declaration of Independence is a gloomy day. I am in trouble of mind, and instead of joining in any happy group, as heretofore, I have shut myself up to brood over my sorrows.

I have always been industrious, and temperate in all my habits; but the times seem to be against my trade, and with all my skill and diligence, I am barely able to make a respectable living.

I could be satisfied with this, were it not for my attachment to a young lady. Knowing you to be pledged to secrecy in such matters, I will acknowledge to you that we are engaged to be married. But prudence postpones our union until I shall be better situated in life.

Is it any wonder, under these circumstances, that I caught the California Fever? In fact, I made up my mind a month ago, to leave in the first good vessel for the land of promise; but when I opened the subject to my "intended," she said at once that if *I* went *she* would go.

This was rather more than I bargained for. I felt flattered by her devoted love, but told her plainly that her proposal could not be accepted—for there were wretched accommodations for men, not to say women, in the gold diggings—that my voyage was only an experiment—and that I had barely enough money to pay the cheapest passage of *one* person.

Then she fell to crying, declaring that she knew I did not love her, and all that sort of tender expostulation, and so forth. Of course I tried to convince her that she wronged me by such thoughts and remarks; and I believe I succeeded—for immediately she changed her tune, and said that California was just the place for runaway lovers, and loafers and vagabonds—and that if I went she was done with me!

This was the unkindest cut of all—and I really do not know what to do. I have pictured to her my happy return in a year or two with plenty of gold dust to set us up comfortably for life. But her only answer is, that if I care more for gold dust than I do for *her*, the sooner I am off the better.

Can it be that she is really in earnest? If I do not go, I see no prospect of our being married for very many years, if ever—or, being married, I confess the probabilities of constant poverty and toil; and if I *do* go, I may lose her altogether.

It is a serious question with me, and I cannot help comparing my situation with that of a man who, on a very cold winter day, fell off the wharf, and only saved himself by catching hold of the dock chains. "If I let go," said he, "I shall be drowned—and if I hold on, I shall be frozen to death!"

I beseech your advice in the case. You have vastly more knowledge of the ways of women *folks* than *I* have, and may probably put me in the right track by a single line from your pen.

I am your friend in trouble, G. D.

LACONIC.

Gorgey, the Hungarian General, informed Kossuth, by telegraph, of the taking of Buda, in the following laconic style: "Hurrah! Buda! Gorgey." The degree of field marshal was bestowed upon him by Kossuth and the Congress for this highly important action, and Kossuth answered him in the same style, viz: "The thanks of the Republic to the *Field Marshal* Gorgey."

THE FOREIGN NEWS.

By the arrival of the Caledonia, we have one week's later advices from Europe.

Rome is fallen! Finding themselves unable to defend the city any longer, the Romans entered into a capitulation, by which the gates of Rome were opened to the French army. No details of the capitulation have yet been received. Nothing is known beyond the fact that France has triumphed; and whether the Pope is to re-enter his dominions as both temporal and spiritual ruler, or whether his powers will be limited, we shall have to wait for another arrival to ascertain. One of the Paris journals states that the desire of the Pope is to enter Rome, without any other intention than to judge by his own observations what reforms may be necessary for the wants of his people, and, in case their feelings are too revolutionary, to establish himself in Bologna. How much truth there is in this statement, time will determine. France having at length obtained possession of Rome, all Europe is curious to know what she will do with it. Many think that the difficulties of her position are just beginning.

The news from Hungary is, as usual, unreliable. We have from Vienna accounts of Austrian victories; through Paris, accounts of Hungarian victories. We deem it useless to trouble our readers with the contradictory details.

The insurrection in Southern Germany appears to have been fully put down by the Prussian troops. Microslawski, the Polish leader of the Republicans, with the wreck of the German Parliament, have fled to Switzerland. The Parliament is said to contemplate renewing its sittings in Constance.

The bombardment and siege of Venice still continue, the negotiations for surrender having been broken off. A late sortie made by the besieged has been very successful, two Austrian Generals, besides several officers of the staff, being captured.

At the monthly organization of the bureau in the French Assembly, on the 20th, all the Presidents chosen were of the peace order, including Gen. Cavaignac and General Bedeau. The bureau authorized the law officers to institute criminal proceedings against ten national representatives, for implication in the affair of the 13th.

Baron Rothschild has again been elected to Parliament, by the city of London. His majority is overwhelming—showing what the people think of the throwing out of the bill relative to the Jews, by the House of Lords.

In the course of a debate in Parliament, Lord Palmerston expressed a confident hope that the President of the United States would, in his annual message to Congress, propose a change in the American Navigation Law to correspond with that which will go into operation on the 1st of January next.

The marriage bill, after an ineffectual attempt to exempt Scotland from its operation, has passed through the committee in the House of Commons.

O'Connor recently brought forward his motion in favor of the people's charter. His speech was full of invective, especially in his allusion to the Irish members, whom he styled "lick spittles" of the treasury side of the House. He was supported by Mr. Hume and twelve others, in a house of 235.

Lord Brougham gave notice on the 5th, that on the following Monday week, he would submit a motion to the House, relative to the intervention of the French at Rome.

A subscription in behalf of the Hungarians has been started in London, which is being liberally responded to. This should be an example to the friends of Hungary in the United States. A few thousand dollars, would show more true sympathy with the Hungarian cause, than long resolutions and eloquent declamations. Who will begin the good work?

English papers state that Jenny Lind will visit the United States, professionally, before she retires from the stage. Good news, this. We should like to have an opportunity of hearing one whom those most competent to judge, have placed at the very top of her profession. Besides, Jenny Lind is said to be a noble, pure-minded and lovely woman, apart from her vocal and theatrical talents.

Public attention in Ireland is absorbed in the promised visit of the Queen, which is announced to take place during the first or second week in August. The anticipated visit, singularly enough, is said to have brought about the entire obliteration of all party feelings. In Dublin the most extensive preparations are being made to receive Her Majesty with every demonstration of loyalty and respect.

Concurrent statements from all parts of Ireland and England confirm previous reports of the cheering prospects of the approaching harvest. The papers contain some flying reports of the recurrence of the potato disease, especially in the South of Ireland, but they are not of a character to merit much attention.

The Commercial news is favorable. All kinds of breadstuffs, with the exception of Indian Corn, have advanced. Cotton is firm, and the lower qualities of American have risen ⅛ to ¼ per lb. Money is abundant at 2½ to 2¼ per cent, and activity and confidence prevail in business circles.

POWER OF LOVE.

Our readers will remember the rowdy Marquis of Waterford, whose pugilistic and other feats were the occasion of much newspaper comment some years since. The last notice we have seen of the noble lord is the following, in one of the English magazines—it occurs in the course of an article describing a conversation at the late Lady Blessington's. It appears that the power of love in the Marquis's case, has been sufficient to tame him down into a very decent man and good citizen:—

"I was present," said Lord C———d, "at the marriage, in the chapel at Whitehall. A few moments after the bride entered the vestry, very handsome but as pale as marble. Waterford came in, with his brother, Lord W. B———. Waterford too, looked pale, but with that air of determination which a courageous man wears when he is about to venture on an enterprise of danger. He reminded me," added Lord C———, "of nothing so much as of a fellow stepping into the ring, followed by his backer; and I could hardly help offering the odds to my next neighbor."

"For or against him?" asked A——— M———, with a slight effort.

"In his favor, certainly," replied Lord C———; "and I should win, I'm sure, if I had. People say he will very soon neglect her, and get back to his old kind of life; but after keeping his promise so strictly for a whole year, of never once getting into a row of any kind, I don't think you'll hear any more of Waterford's escapades. He has good sense and a good heart, and she is a woman who will bring them both into play, take my word for it."

Every one knows that the result of this singular marriage has justified Lord C———'s prediction, and that no better husband, no kinder landlord, no more useful member of society, is to be met with in the three kingdoms. It is a great triumph for one so dangerously situated as Lady Waterford; but she owes it to the high qualities of her mind.

BISHOP DOANE.

Whatever false or true statements may recently have been made respecting Bishop Doane, of New Jersey, it is evident he is a man of a high order of talents. Witness the following poem, recently published in the "Missionary," and which has a bearing upon his present troubles. It almost makes us sympathize with the Bishop, and imagine him to be a persecuted man,—which the stern prose of the case, has thus far had not the *least* effect in doing:—

"STAND, AS AN ANVIL, WHEN IT IS BEATEN DOWN."

[St. Ignatius to St. Polycarp; both Martyrs.]

"Stand, like an anvil," when the stroke
Of stalwart men falls thick and fast;
Storms but more deeply root the oak,
Whose brawny arms embrace the blast.

"Stand, like an anvil," when the sparks
Fly far and wide, a fiery shower;
Virtue and truth must still be marks,
Where malice proves its want of power.

"Stand, like an anvil," when the bar
Lies, red and glowing, on its breast;
Duty shall be life's guiding star,
And conscious innocence, its rest.

"Stand, like an anvil," when the sound
Of ponderous hammers pains the ear;
Thine, but the still and stern rebound
Of the great heart that cannot fear.

"Stand, like an anvil." Noise and heat
Are born of earth, and die with time.
The soul, like God, its source and seat,
Is solemn, still, serene, sublime.

Riverside, St. Barnabas' Day, 1849.

TALK WITH SUBSCRIBERS.

Our thanks are due to friends in Danbury, Conn.; Elkton, and Union Bridge, Maryland; Freedom, Missouri; Radfordsville, Alabama; Mill Hall, Bethlehem, Finleyville, and West Greenville, Pennsylvania; Fort Madison, Iowa; Staunton, Virginia; Lancaster C. H., South Carolina; Boongale, Mississippi; Zanesfield, Wilmington, Barryville, New Gottingen, Canton, and Middletown, Ohio; Bardstown, Kentucky; Totten's Wells, Tennessee; Kelloggsville, New York; Harrisburg, Washington, and Laurel, Indiana; La Fayette, Louisiana; and Montreal, Canada, for the *increase* of our list at those places. Also to friends in Burnside, and Damascus, Pennsylvania; and Smithfield, Virginia, for a *second* increase. Also, for entirely *new* lists of subscribers, to French Creek, and Pleasant Valley, Illinois; Cottonsville, Cole's Creek, and Millsboro', Pennsylvania; Homer, Michigan; Collins Centre, New York; and South Carrollton, Kentucky. Also to our friends in a number of places for straightening up their accounts in our books—and thus showing by their deeds, a truly friendly spirit towards us.

OUTRAGEOUS.

It appears that the fare on the railroad from New York to Trenton is $2 50, and from Trenton to Philadelphia 75 cents, making the whole fare through, if paid thus in two instalments, $3 25. A gentleman of the name of Bodine, aware of this fact, started recently in the "four dollar line" for Philadelphia, paying his passage to Trenton. When he arrived at Trenton he remained in the cars, and after they had again started his fare was demanded. He inquired the amount, and was told that it was seventy-five cents, but it was asked of him whether he had not come from New York. He said that he had, and was then informed that it was $1.50. He inquired the reason, and was told that the company was determined that passengers from New York "should not come it over them that way." He tendered the seventy-five cents, but it was refused, and he was informed that if he did not pay the $1 50 he should be put out of the cars at the next stopping-place. He did not pay the sum demanded, and in accordance with the threat, when the train arrived at Bristol, he was forcibly seized, ejected from the cars, and forced to remain at Bristol all night.

We consider the above a most high-handed and outrageous proceeding on the part of the railroad company; and are pleased to hear that an action against the company, and a criminal prosecution for assault and battery against the conductor of the train, have been commenced by Mr. Bodine. The company have the right to regulate their prices as they choose, and the public have the right to take advantage of those regulations. There is no corporation in the country more disposed to carry matters with a high hand than the railroad company between here and New York; but we trust the day is coming when the long score between them and the community will be wiped out.

SINGULAR CASE.

We take the following account of a rather singular cure of confirmed cholera, from the "Brunswicker," published at Brunswick, Me. It will be quite a nut for the Hydropathists:

"About a week since, DR. BULL, one of our physicians, had a cholera case that deserves notice—not as a precedent for practice, but as showing the strong instinct of nature, and in this instance, its fortunate result. A young cooper had a second attack of the disease, with an interval of several days, during which he was up, and took imprudent exercise and diet. The return was very violent—puking, purging, cramping, cold extremities and sunken pulse. With all, there was insatiate and ungovernable thirst, so much so that finding it impossible to control him, or the attendants, Dr. Bull let him have as much ice water as he pleased. *During the night he drank four or five buckets full of ice water, drinking down a tin-cup full at once;* and in a few moments, commencing to throw it up leisurely, as it became tepid; and again repeating the draught. In addition, *a large lump of ice wrapped up in a wet cloth was kept to the pit of his stomach.* No attention was paid to warming his extremities, or covering him, or drying his bed—nor indeed was any medical treatment used. And yet, the next morning, his system was reacting; warmth and pulse came back, and in three days, he was able to be removed a day's ride into the country!"

THE UNION.

The following, from the posthumous writings of Madison, is worthy the attention of certain gentlemen in South Carolina, who have recently been blowing up the Union, in toasts and speeches, as complacently as they would uncork a champagne bottle—forgetful of the fact that though they may be ready to spare the Union, the Union finds it absolutely impossible to spare them. Mr. Madison writes to the American people as follows:

ADVICE TO MY COUNTRY.—As this advice, if it ever see the light, will not do it till I am no more, it may be considered as issuing from the tomb, where truth alone can be respected, and the happiness of man alone can be consulted. It will be entitled, therefore, to whatever weight can be derived from good intentions, and from the experience of one who has served his country in various stations, through a period of forty years, who espoused in his youth, and adhered through life, to the cause of liberty, and who has borne a part in most of the great transactions which will constitute epochs of its destiny. The advice nearest to my heart, and deepest in my convictions, is that the UNION OF THE STATES be cherished and perpetuated. *Let the avowed enemy to it be regarded as a Pandora with her box opened, and the disguised one, the serpent, creeping with his deadly wiles into Paradise.*

THE WESTERN CIRCULAR.

The recent publication by us of the replies of a Western wag to the circular of Mr. Charles Lowell, has had the effect of stirring up the Mr. Lowell in question, who hails still from Ellsworth, Maine, where it appears he now publishes a paper, issued, as he says, "*at such times as the Publisher's convenience will permit, and the chastisement of Insolence shall demand,*" called the "*Defiance Bulletin.*" Judging from a marked copy of his paper that Mr. Lowell has sent us, we are apprehensive that he imputes the publication of the document in question, to ill will towards himself personally on our part. If he cherishes such an idea, Mr. Lowell is greatly mistaken. It was the wit and humor of the document,—which wit and humor he very naturally is not able to perceive—that led to its publication in the Post, and not the least desire to wound or mortify Mr. Charles Lowell. We trust this explanation will be sufficient to reinstate us in Mr. Lowell's good graces, except so far as our *taste* is concerned, which he doubtless will hereafter have a very contemptible opinion of.

ELECTRICITY.

It has been observed both in Cincinnati and this city, that the cholera generally increases after a severe thunder storm. Professor Olmstead, of Yale College, refers to the fact that the hot and humid air which precedes a thunder storm, is remarkable for producing chemical changes in animal and vegetable substances—for spoiling meat, souring bread, curdling milk, &c., and argues that it is therefore only reasonable to suppose that the same cause should aggravate malignant diseases of all kinds. The change in the weather generally produced by a thunderstorm, on the same principle, would be favorable to health; though the "Cincinnati Chronicle" says that "some of the finest weather ever known in that vicinity, has been that in which the largest numbers have fallen before the march of the pestilence." It adds truly that the cholera is the same mysterious malady which it was in 1832—fairly putting to naught the researches of science as to its origin.

THE SHAKERS.

A lady correspondent of the Home Journal, writes as follows of a Shaker settlement, which she recently visited:

"Each girl and boy has a piece of rhyme written for them, which they repeated to us, and I got so used to the gratitude to the Shakers for taking them from the naughty world and bringing them to live in Canterbury, that by the time the twentieth boy and twentieth girl had told it, I began to imagine that perhaps I was mistaken about being happy all my life away from this quiet place, and that I should be truly comfortable if I should fold my hands across my bosom and say my rhyme:—

My name is Betsy Blake,
From ——— county and ——— State
The blessed Shakers brought me here,
When I was one poor wordly dear,
They gave me food and clothing neat,
Kind friends! I love these joys so sweet!"

NUISANCES.

The New York Board of Health has ordered all starch, soap, and bone factories and slaughter houses to be closed during the prevalence of the cholera. This step is taken in accordance with numerous complaints of an aggravated character. An examination was instituted, and it was found that the neighborhood of such places has been visited with unusual sickness and deaths by cholera.

Starch, soap, and bone factories, and slaughter houses are nuisances in a city, both in times of health and in times of pestilence. We go for the passage of laws, either prohibiting them entirely in cities, or confining them to certain localities. We suppose there is not an establishment of the kind in this city, that does not injure the property around it, to the full extent of its own value.—When to this is added the injury to the public health, we think a sufficient reason has been given why they should be subjected to some legislative regulation.

CHURCH AND STATE.

At the recent public meeting, in this city, to sympathize with the patriots of Europe, Dr. Elder, in the course of his speech, made the following felicitous remarks respecting the union of Church and State:

He did not intend to sever religion itself from politics, or shut the Sovereign of the universe out of any of the affairs of men—least of all out of their governmental principles and policy. He separated Church and State in his creed, as the people of this Union had done it in their constitution, believing that civil liberty and religious purity both alike required it; *he forbade the bans of Church and State, not because they are dissimilar in their nature, and repugnant, but for the very opposite reason, that they are within the prohibited degrees of relationship.* The life blood of true religion runs in the veins of pure government. Only despotism and *churchianity* may commit the unnatural sin.

THE FIRE SYSTEM.

At a recent fire in Allegheny City, the firemen having had a dispute with the city authorities, not only refused to do duty themselves, but prevented the Pittsburg firemen from going into service. The consequence was that a large amount of property was destroyed.

We trust that before many years, the inhabitants of cities generally, will be convinced of the evils of the volunteer system, now so much in vogue. In Philadelphia, a very large proportion of the mobs, and very many fires, have originated with rowdy fire companies and their hangers on. A paid system, the firemen to constitute an assistant police, to serve when required, would break up many a nursery of vice and crime, and furnish the authorities with a large and disciplined body of police, in times when the public peace was menaced.

CHOLERA IN CINCINNATI.

A respected correspondent in Cincinnati, furnishes us with a letter in regard to the Cholera in that city, the pith of which is as follows:

"In 1832, the great pestilential year of Cholera in the United States, from the 12th to the 26th of October, the entire deaths by Cholera were 392. The aggregate for this year, from June 14th to June 30th, of the same disorder, is 936. As our present population exactly quadruples that of 1832, it will be observed that the mortality now, great as it appears to be, is not more than sixty per cent. of that of 1832."

Our correspondent says that the great mortality in Cincinnati has been among the foreign elements of the population, viz: German and Irish, whose mode of living is calculated to bring on the disease—and also to the fact that these classes generally employ either Homœopathic physicians, or illiterate and uneducated physicians of foreign birth, violently prejudiced against the use of calomel and opium.

The great mass of those who have perished, may, he alleges, be divided into the following classes:

The intemperate in ardent spirits,	10 per cent.
" " in eating who indulged in unripe fruit, and vegetables, &c.,	10 " "
Persons enfeebled by diseases of other kinds, whose disorders ran into Cholera, generally women and children,	5 " "
German and Irish,	75 " "
	100

In support of the above classification, he gives the following fact:

"The church here to which I belong, lost but three of its members. One was a case resulting from imprudence in eating after night, and the other a case of feeble health, in which chills and fevers ran into cholera. This church comprehends 450 members."

We give the above statements on the responsibility of our correspondent, who is a gentleman well and favorably known in editorial circles. The attack upon the Homœopathists, is doubtless intended as an offset to the very favorable accounts published of the results of the Homœopathic treatment in Cincinnati. We give it for what it is worth. So far as we have had opportunities of observing the results of the Homœopathic practice in cases of cholera, and its premonitory symptoms, in this city, it has been quite as successful as the regular practice. And yet we are free to admit that if we were to call in, *just now*, a Homœopathic physician in a case of Diarrhœa, and the disease seemed to be getting the mastery of him, we should resort at once to Allopathy.

A TRIBUTE.

On the 14th inst., at the house of Charles P. Walton, Willow Grove, Montgomery County, after a protracted illness, THOMAS EARLE, Esq., in the 54th year of his age.

We knew Thomas Earle well. If "an honest man is the noblest work of God," Thomas Earle was entitled, and is entitled, to a high place in this magnificent creation. His intellect was both profound and acute. He needed but one thing, it sometimes seemed to us, to constitute him a great man; and that was the possession of that innate perception of fitness, which, in its lower and more general manifestation, is called *tact*. Owing to this deficiency in his mental constitution, he never succeeded in making that impression upon the world which his great powers of mind, and his indomitable spirit, would have seemed to warrant; and often gained only ridicule from those who were immeasurably beneath him in measure of talent, in honesty of soul, and in nobility of purpose. Disagreeing with him in many things, we cannot pass the public record of his death, without this tribute to his memory—which is, we know, none the less grateful to his departed spirit, because it is discriminative and honest.

MRS. SWISSHELM.

Mrs. Swisshelm takes up our recent declaration of a possible flirtation, thickly studded as it was with "*ifs*," in a most alarming and dangerous manner. With a natural degree of female vanity, she considers us already a "doomed man," awaiting but her presence to be driven first to the enthusiastic heights of "Girard College," and then, in the revulsion of our feelings, to the melancholy depths of the "beautiful Potomac." She says:

"We could find in our heart to pity you, *if* your offence did not prove you a most incorrigible sinner, and if it were not necessary to make a terrible example to deter others from spreading such dangerous heresy! Verily this is an age of skepticism, and infidelity has reached a sad height when our youth and beauty can be spoken of as doubtful!"

We beg pardon—we will never more speak of them as *doubtful*.

THE BUTLER DIVORCE CASE.

In relation to this case, Scott's Weekly says:

"We are informed, a divorce, by mutual consent, has been granted, or will be, the conditions—that Mr. Pierce Butler is to allow Mrs. Fanny Kemble Butler fifteen hundred dollars a year; he to retain possession of their two daughters, excepting two months in each year, when they are to be with their mother. These terms are said to be perfectly satisfactory to the lady, and that the gentleman preferred this settlement to a further contest before the Courts.

SINGULAR.

Great excitement was recently created in New Orleans by the alleged kidnapping of a young Spaniard, who is said to have been forced on board a vessel which sailed for Havana. It is reported that he was turnkey of a prison at Havana, and had suffered two persons, charged with political offences, to escape from their confinement. The affair will doubtless be investigated by the authorities, and if American soil has been outraged, full reparation demanded.

BREWER'S PANORAMAS.

We trust that all of our city readers will visit the interesting panoramas of the Mammoth Cave, Prairies, Niagara, &c., before they leave Philadelphia. The Hall of exhibition is a very cool and pleasant one.

New Publications.

LYELL'S SECOND VISIT TO THE UNITED STATES. The following is an extract from the record of Sir Charles's second visit. It will be perceived that he has not a very high opinion of the manner in which American children are brought up. Sir Charles is on a Mississippi steamboat. He says:

"When my wife first entered the ladies' cabin, she found every one of the numerous rocking-chairs filled with a mother suckling an infant. As none of them had nurses or servants, all their other children were at large, and might have been a great resource to passengers suffering from ennui had they been under tolerable control; as it was, they were so riotous and undisciplined as to be the torment of all who approached them. 'How fortunate you are,' said one of the mothers to my wife, 'to be without children; they are so ungovernable, and if you switch them, they sulk or go into hysterics.' The threat of 'I'll switch you,' is forever vociferated in an angry tone, but never carried into execution. One genteel and pleasing young lady sat down by my wife, and began conversation by saying, 'You hate children, don't you?' intimating that such were her own feelings. A medical man, in large practice in one of the Southern States, told us he often lost young patients in fevers, and other cases where excitement of the nerves was dangerous, by the habitual inability of the parents to exert the least command over their children. We saw an instance, where a young girl, in considerable danger, threw the medicine into the physician's face, and heaped most abusive epithets upon him.

"The Director of the State Penitentiary in Georgia told me that he had been at some pains to trace out the history of the most desperate characters under his charge, and found that they had been invariably spoilt children; and he added, *if young Americans were not called upon to act for themselves at so early an age, and undergo the rubs and discipline of the world, they would be more vicious and immoral than the people of any other nation.* Yet there is no country where children ought to be so great a blessing, or where they can be so easily provided for. * * * * * *

"Many young Americans have been sent to school in Switzerland; and I have heard their teachers, who found them less manageable than English or Swiss boys, maintain that they must all of them have some dash of wild Indian blood in their veins. Englishmen, on the other hand, sometimes attribute the same character to republican institutions; but in fact they are spoilt long before they are old enough to know that they are not born under an absolute monarchy."

ART UNION. *Transactions of the Art Union of Philadelphia for the year 1849.* This pamphlet also contains the address delivered before the Union, on the 7th of May last, by Professor Henry Reed, of the University of Pennsylvania. We wonder if Professor Reed ever wrote an address, or passed a day, without quoting Wordsworth?

JOURNAL *of the Proceedings of the Sixty-Fifth Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church in the Diocese of Pennsylvania. Published by order of the Convention.* A very interesting pamphlet for those who are fond of this kind of reading. *King & Baird, Printers, 9 Sansom St., Phila.*

THE WOODMAN: *A Romance of the Times of Richard III. By G. P. R. James, Esq. New York: Harper & Brothers.* This is said to be one of the best novels written by James for a long time. It is for sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.* Price 25 cents.

LADIES' NATIONAL MAGAZINE. The August number contains an engraving called The Lady Mabel, a Fashion Plate, &c. The literary matter is by Mrs. Stephens, Mrs. Moreton, Harry Sunderland, C. C. Torrey, &c.

HISTORY OF JULIUS CÆSAR. *By Jacob Abbott.* Another of the series of histories of which we have so frequently spoken in commendation. It is illustrated with numerous engravings. Published by *Harper & Brothers, New York.* For sale by *Lindsay & Blakiston, Phila.*

FIRST BOOK IN ARITHMETIC. *By F. A. Adams.* Published by *D. Bixby, New York, and Thomas Cowperthwait & Co., Philadelphia.*

LITTELL'S LIVING AGE. We have received the last number of the Age from the agents, *Taylor, Canning & Co., Phila.*

Clippings.

☞ Talking of riding in a hearse puts us in mind of poor M'Donald Clarke, whose privations during life, and monument after death at Greenwood, realize the saying:—

"He asked for bread and he received a stone."

☞ Mrs. Child has a new work in press, or nearly ready, on the history and theory of religion in all ages.

☞ Mr. Drayton, an American, is said to be a musical star of the first water in Italy. Where does he come from? [From Washington, District of Columbia.]

☞ What are a nation's possessions? The great words that have been said in it; the great deeds that have been done in it.

☞ A man never utters anything without error. He may *think of it* rightly; but he cannot *bring it out* rightly. It turns a little false, as it were, when it quits the brain and comes into life.

☞ There are living five hundred and twenty British officers who were at the Battle of Waterloo.

☞ Amos Tuck, the Free Soil Congressman from New Hampshire, is about to sail for Europe, to attend the great Peace Congress in Paris in August next.

☞ Charlotte Cushman, after a residence in England of five years, is about to return to the United States, only for a short time. She is to be accompanied by her friend, Miss Hays, the novelist.

☞ It is stated that the British Government have laid down a rule that no person aged above fifty can be appointed to any vacant Government office.

☞ The reason why so few marriages are happy, is because young ladies spend their time in making *nets*, not in making *cages*.

☞ A letter-writer, giving an account of the outrages of the Austrians, says,—"At Kovil, on the left Danube bank, which is levelled to the ground, three priests were thrown into a well, and a young nun was found hanging by the feet. The vaults were ransacked, and fragments of human bodies lay scattered about."

☞ The hostility of France, Austria, Naples, and Spain, to Rome, calls to mind the following lines:—

"Father and mother and I,
With a strong and trusty band,
Beat a poor little boy
Till he could hardly stand."

☞ Seven millions of gallons of spirits were consumed in Ireland the last year.

☞ What is the difference between Noah's Ark and Joan of Arc? One was made of Gopher wood, the other *Maid* of Orleans.

☞ Father Mathew has administered the pledge to 8 000 persons since his arrival in the United States.

Miscellaneous.

ROLLIN, LAMARTINE, &c.

A Paris correspondent of the St. Louis Republican describes Ledru Rollin, Cavaignac, Lamartine, &c., as follows:

Sitting near each other, were Ledru Rollin, Cavaignac and Felix Pyatt. The first is considered one of the handsomest men in Paris. He is large and portly, apparently between thirty-five and forty years of age, with a round, fine, amiable face, dark eyes and hair, and the whitest imaginable teeth, which are displayed to great advantage by a very sweet smile. I could not but observe the deference with which he was treated by those around him; his associates all feel that he is a master-spirit, and that his destiny is to be a great one. Cavaignac is very different; tall, slender, past forty years of age, and a rather thin face, with a serious expression, he yet wins admiration by the manly dignity of his tone and manners, over which an additional charm is thrown by the graceful ease which characterizes all his movements. He and Ledru Rollin are decidedly the finest looking men in the Assembly. As to Felix Pyatt, he was made to be admired. Small and very slightly built, his hollow cheeks and wild, haggard looks bespeak a mind restless and ill at ease, and tell of the sleepless nights and anxious days passed in the labors of his political career; he looks young, but he is evidently weak in body. He dresses carelessly, wearing, as an emblem of his creed, a very red cravat, whose ends fall conspicuously over his breast. A more striking evidence, apparently, of the wearing effects of political struggling, I have never seen. He spoke once or twice, and with a fierce energy that was startling. In strong contrast to Pyatt, stood M. de Lamartine.

How many of your readers, I wonder, have formed a correct idea of this celebrated man? Those gentle beings who have wept over Raphael, and felt their little hearts swell with admiration when reading the songs of the most tender of the French poets, have doubtless imagined him young, tall, and slender, with a pale, melancholy countenance, eyes dark, soft, and lustrous, and hair waving in silken curls above a white and noble forehead. The gentlemen, on the contrary, have, perhaps, pictured him a man of thirty or forty years of age, strong and energetic in his person, with all the fire of genius flashing from his eyes—in fact, a golden winged eagle, as he has been called. Ladies and gentlemen, your imaginations are too vivid. Lamartine is of a medium height, very thin, old, with short, straight grey hair, hollow cheeks, and a long nose, slightly red, no whiskers, no soft smile to redeem the size of his mouth or his thin, colorless lips; no tenderness, no fire in the hollow grey eyes, but simply a quiet, serious, rather stern looking old man. Whilst I was examining him, Napoleon Bonaparte (not the President,) passed by, and I was startled almost off my seat by the wonderful resemblance he bears to the portraits of the Emperor. Had I time, I might give you a short description of Laroche Jaquelin, the fattest man in the Assembly, with a half-bushel at least of curly hair standing out from each side of his round, good-humored face; and of Lucien Murat, another large, fat specimen, who sometimes appears in a costume as brilliant as that in which his splendid father astonished the Cossacks; and of Odillon Barrot, with his short, plump figure and round, florid, ludicrously savage little face.

But my letter is growing so long that I must reserve these gentlemen for another time. I will finish by giving you a little speech of Monsieur Lamartine, which was told me the other day. It seems he has been much annoyed by the pertinacity of some Americans, who have insisted upon seeing and being introduced to him, just as if he was some great curiosity to be seen for a fixed price. A short time since, becoming vexed with a certain member of the Assembly, he exclaimed,—"You are silly enough to be trans-Atlantic." This little anecdote may serve as some warning to future travellers.

MEAN MEN.

A man living in the town of A———, worth one hundred and fifty thousand dollars, was in the daily habit of coming to the tavern kept by my father, and picking up the short stumps of segars that had been smoked, from the spittle and filth of the hearth of a Franklin stove, that stood in the bar room, and putting them on the mantel piece, back of the stove pipe, to dry, would then smoke them in his pipe. The same man once had a debt of some ten or twelve dollars due him from a very worthy neighbor of his, who was, from misfortune, really unable to pay. He had, however, a fine hog, weighing some four or five hundred pounds, which he was about to kill, for meat for a numerous family through the winter, and the law was such it could not be taken from him, as he had but that one.

Passing by his rich neighbor's one day, he was told if he would catch one of a numerous litter of pigs in the pen close by, it would be presented to him as a neighborly act of kindness to a poor man. He thanked his neighbor in the kindest manner, caught the pig and marched home with him, with a pure feeling of gratitude for the unwonted liberality of his rich neighbor. The next day an officer came and levied on his big hog, and sold it for the debt he owed his benefactor.

I was once in trade in G———, Me., you know where G——— is, don't you? you never was any where else? Well, I sold a lady there, whose husband was worth several thousand dollars, two needles for one cent, and the next day she came back with one of the needles, and wanted to "swap it" for another size.

There is a man, or whatever you choose to call him, or it, that lived till quite recently in the immediate vicinity of this place, who has a "right smart chance of money" in bank—was "well off" for this country—who, when he leaves home, takes down his bacon, and marks off with his knife the amount his family is to use in his absence, and woe be to them if they overcut the mark. If he stays away a little longer than he anticipated, they must fast till his return. His nearest neighbor was a widow lady, who had three daughters, who depended entirely upon their needles for support. He required his wife to borrow the soap suds of this widow after she had washed her clothes, in order to save soap in washing his own.—*Yankee Blade.*

A VOLUME MISSING.

A very well meaning, but unfortunately illiterate man, was called upon a short time since by the village parson, a devout individual, who had never before met with the other. The minister had but recently entered upon his clerical duties in the place, and in the course of his visit, he took occasion to converse at length with his parishioner, whom he found to be a very worthy citizen, well disposed, and apparently honest—but who was not remarkably religious—who had read, (according to his own ideas,) a great deal—and who had done his share towards the good of the village generally, and of his household, more especially.

"You practice family service, I trust?" asked the Domine.

"Wal, yes. Yes sir," replied the man, at a venture; though he had not the slightest idea of the parson's meaning.

"And you have a few books here, I see."

"Yes, sir. Only the useful and moral."

"Yes," continued the clerical gentleman; and he turned to the little table, looked over the spare library, found a copy of Robinson Crusoe, an odd volume of Paul and Virginia, Murray's Grammar, and a few others, and at length the parson proposed to read with the family, if the man would hand him the Bible.

"Yes—yes, sir," replied the other, considerably disconcerted. But putting his spectacles on his nose, he immediately advanced to the table, and commenced examining the backs of the scattered volumes; there was no such work in sight!

He was in a temporary dilemma, but his good wit instantly came to his aid, for turning quickly he added—

"Wal, sir, we've allers had 'em—but, fact is—to tell the truth—*we're about out o' bibles!*"—and the good soul sat down again at once—greatly relieved!

The Parson sighed, vouchsafed a few words of kindly advice, and left his honest meaning parishioner to himself.

The Markets.

PHILADELPHIA MARKETS.

SATURDAY AFTERNOON, July 21, 1849.

REMARKS—There has been rather more activity in the market during the past week. The weather has been cool and pleasant, and the decreased number of cholera cases reported, has inspired more confidence among the mercantile community. There has been an active demand for Cotton, and holders, in consequence of the reduced stocks at the South, the general conviction that the next crop will be a short one, and the favorable news from Europe, have been enabled to obtain a further advance. Breadstuffs of all descriptions are in moderate request, and prices fully maintained. Coffee, Sugar and Molasses are also beginning to attract more attention. Money continues abundant, and the Banks discount freely all the short paper offering. In Exchange but little doing. We quote Sterling Bills at 108a109.

The principal exports to foreign ports during the past week have been as follows:

Pork, bbls,	103	Flour, bbls,	7,161
Beef, "	11	Rye Flour, bbls,	[illegible]
Bacon, lbs,	9,717	Corn Meal, "	[illegible]
Lard, "	[illegible]	Bread, "	445
Rice, casks,	54	Corn, bushels,	23,193

FLOUR AND MEAL—The demand for Flour for shipment has been fair, and prices have slightly advanced, owing to light supplies. Sales of 4,500 bbls at $4,62a4 75 for Irish ground and $4,50a[illegible] for old stock sound and in peeled Flour; 1,500 bbls at $5 for Brandywine, part new wheat, and $4 81a5 for extra; sour at $4 50a3 75 per bbl. For city use, sales at $4,50a4,75 and extra $4 81a5,25 per bbl. Rye Flour—Sales of 900 bbls at $3. Some holders ask higher. Corn Meal—Sales of 1,200 bbls at $[illegible] per bbl, with a small stock on hand.

Inspections of Flour and Meal for the week ending July 19, 1849:

Wheat Flour	bbls	[illegible]
do.	half bbls	[illegible]
Rye Flour	bbls	[illegible]
Corn Meal	bbls	[illegible]
Corn	half bbls	10

GRAIN—The supplies of Grain have been light this week, and prices of Wheat have advanced. Sales of 9,000 bushels at $1 04a1,06 per bushel for [illegible], $1,05a1,08 for good new Southern, $1,12 for old [illegible], and $1,07a1,08 for new red and white mixed, and $1,15a1,18 for prime white. Rye—Sales of 1,500 bushels at 57a58c for Pennsylvania Rye. Corn—The demand has been less active, but prices are fully maintained. Sales of 23a25,000 bushels flat and round yellow at 59a60c per bushel, part in store. Oats—Sales of 10,000 bushels Pennsylvania at 31c, Delaware 28 to 32, and prime North River at 40c.

PROVISIONS—There is a moderate demand for Pork, and prices are steady, at $11 per bbl for Mess, and $9,25 for Prime. A sale of 450 bbls [illegible] at a price kept private. Beef is held firmly, small sales of city packed Mess for ship stores, at $13,50a14 per bbl. Bacon has been in good demand and prices of Hams have again slightly advanced; sales of [illegible] casks, part for neighboring markets, plain and canvassed Hams at 8a11c; Sides 5a5½, and Shoulders at 5a[illegible] cts per lb, cash and on time. Lard is in fair demand, and sales at 7¼a8 cts per lb in bbls and kegs. Limited sales of Butter and Cheese at previous rates.

AMERICAN FABRICS—The market continues very quiet. Prices of Cotton Goods want [illegible] low notwithstanding that Cotton has advanced fully 25 per cent since the 1st of June last. About [illegible] Drills and other fabrics have been taken for exportation. Woollen Goods of all description continue dull of sale at prices much below the cost of production.

BARK—There is very little Quercitron Bark arriving, and it is wanted at $26 per ton for No. 1. Two cargoes of Spanish Oak Bark sold at $15 per cord, and one of Chestnut at $[illegible] per cord.

BEESWAX is in limited demand. Small sales of good yellow at 21c per lb.

CANDLES—Demand limited. Small sales of Sperm at 31a33c per lb. In Tallow Candles no change.

COAL—The demand for shipment continues limited, but prices are steady at $[illegible] per ton for Schuylkill White Ash and $4 25 for Red Ash, Lehigh Lump $[illegible] and Broken $4a4 25 delivered on board at Bristol. Cargo sales of Allegheny Bituminous Coal at [illegible] cts per bushel.

COPPER—The sales are limited, but prices have not varied.

COFFEE—There has been more activity in the market, and with a reduced stock prices have slightly improved. Sales of 2,100 bags Rio at [illegible], and [illegible] bags Laguayra at 6¾a7c per lb, all on time.

COTTON—There has been a good inquiry for Cotton this week, and although the holders have advanced their rates fully ½c per lb, the week's sales have been large, amounting to 2,400 bales at 7¾ to 10½c per lb for Upland, and 8¾ to 10c for New Orleans Cotton, middling to fair quality. Several hundred bales were taken for Baltimore.

FEATHERS are scarce and in moderate demand. Sales of 4a5,000 lbs fair and good Western at [illegible] per lb.

FISH—The demand for Mackerel continues limited, and the market is inactive. An invoice of new Massachusetts No. 3 sold from the wharf at $[illegible] per bbl. Sales from store, No. 1 at $11 50a[illegible], No. 2 at $[illegible], and No. 3 at $4,25a4 75. In Codfish no change.

GINSENG is scarce; the last sales of Crude were at [illegible] per lb cash.

GUANO—A sale of Peruvian at $47 per ton.

HEMP—Supplies of Western are coming in rather more freely and prices are somewhat unsettled. Sales of 50 bales Dew Rot at $135 per ton, on time.

HIDES—There have been no arrivals this week, and no sales have come under our notice.

HOPS—Continue dull, and the sales are only in small lots at 7¼a8c per lb for 1st sort.

INDIGO—The demand continues limited, but prices are firm.

IRON—The market continues dull, and the only transactions reported is a lot of No. 3 Anthracite at $21 per ton, and 300 tons Scotch Pig at $[illegible] on time. No sales of Blooms or Bar Iron have come under our notice.

LEAD—There has been rather more doing, but prices are lower. Sales of 4,600 pigs, part to arrive, at $4,00a4,05, and 100 pigs at $3,75 per 100 lbs. In Bar Lead no change.

LEATHER—We have no change to notice in the market, and the sales are limited.

LUMBER—The supplies during the week are only to a moderate extent. The market is dull, but prices are nearly stationary. A sale of 400,000 feet Flooring Boards at $[illegible] per M feet.

MOLASSES—The market continues very quiet, and the only sales reported are 100 hhds Cardenas at 21 and 23½c; 300 hhds Matanzas and 75 bbls New Orleans on terms kept private.

NAVAL STORES—There has been but little doing. A cargo of 900 bbls common Rosin sold at [illegible] per bbl. In Tar and Pitch no large sales have been reported. Spirits of Turpentine is in limited demand and the sales are only in small lots at 33a34c.

OILS—There is a fair demand for Fish Oils, and prices are nearly stationary. Sales of equal to [illegible] crude Whale on the wharf, at [illegible] in casks. No sales of Sperm. Lard Oil is dull. Small sales of Linseed at 60a61c.

PLASTER—A cargo of soft sold at $2,[illegible] per ton.

RICE is in moderate demand and prices are again a trifle higher. Sales of 100 casks at 3¼a[illegible] per lb cash and on time.

SUGAR—There has been more activity in the market, and prices are firm. Sales of 600 hhds New Orleans at 4¼a5¼c, and Porto Rico at [illegible] cts per lb on time, including 100 hhds Cuba on private terms.

SALTPETRE—Demand limited. Small sales of Crude at 6c per lb.

SALT—An import of 1,0[illegible]0 sacks, 3,000 bushels Liverpool ground sold at $1 per sack, and [illegible] per bushel; a cargo of 4,0[illegible]0 bushels Turks' Island on terms kept private.

SEEDS—The demand for Cloverseed continues limited; small sales of good and fine quality at $[illegible], 3,50 per 64 lbs. No sales of Timothy. Flaxseed is in good demand at $1,35 measure, and $1,[illegible] weight.

TALLOW—Continues dull; we quote Rendered at 7¾a8c per lb.

TEAS—The sales are limited, without change in prices.

TOBACCO—There is a moderate demand and prices nearly stationary. Sales of 150 hhds Kentucky Leaf at 4½a8c, and 100 cases Ohio and Pennsylvania Seed Leaf at 4 to 9c per lb, on time.

WINES—The market continues inactive, and the sales are only in small lots to the trade, at steady prices.

WOOL—The supplies of new clip have been only to a moderate extent. There has been rather more inquiry for manufacturing, but prices have undergone no change. Sales of 100,000 pounds, in lots, ranging from common to full blood at 28 to [illegible] per lb, cash and time.

FREIGHTS—In Foreign there is very little doing. We quote to Liverpool, Flour, 2s per bbl; Grain, 7a7½d per bushel; Provisions 25s per ton. To Southern ports the rates are nominal. Colliers are in moderate demand. We quote to Boston $1,45; Rhode Island $1 a1,65, and to New York 80a85c per ton.—*Inquirer.*

United States SATURDAY POST.

Philadelphia:

SATURDAY, JULY 28, 1849.

TERRIBLE DISASTER.

The ship Charles Bartlett, of Plymouth, Massachusetts, on Wednesday the 27th ult., at about 3½ P. M., was run down by the steamer Europa, and sunk in three minutes, with 134 passengers and crew.

The catastrophe occurred during a dense fog, and although the boats of the Europa were instantly lowered, and every possible assistance rendered, only 42 out of the 176 souls on board were saved. The Captain, second mate and ten of the crew were among the survivors.

The Europa is acquitted of all blame, not only by the survivors, but by the unanimous voice of the British press and public. A subscription of £350 was promptly raised by the passengers of the Europa, to which the proprietors have added £20. They likewise offered to carry the whole of the survivors from Boston to New York free of all expense.

The Charles Bartlett was bound from London to New York with immigrants, and had on board 450 tons of merchandise, consisting chiefly of lead and chalk.

R. B. Forbes, Esq., a passenger in the Europa, behaved with surprising gallantry upon the occasion, and has been presented with the gold medal of the Liverpool Shipwreck and Humane Society. The Europa sustained no material damage by the collision.

Captain Bartlett, of the sunken ship, gives the following particulars of the collision with the Europa:—

At 2½ P. M., being on the weather side of the poop deck, heard a rumbling to windward, like distant thunder. Turned my ear to windward and my eye to the horizon. The man at the wheel, noticing that I was listening, looked to windward and cried out, "Sail ho!" I at once saw what I supposed was a ship, about one point forward of our beam, about 400 yards distant. I ordered the helm up, thinking she did not discover us—that we should have time to clear her before she could come in contact. All hands shouted at the same time to alarm the ship, and I ordered the bell to be rung, and called to the ship to port her helm, as I saw that was the only chance of escape. There were nearly one hundred passengers on deck at the time. All was of no avail, for in one minute from the time we saw the ship she was upon us, going at the rate of twelve knots an hour, striking us abreast of the after main shrouds. The crash, and the terrible scene which ensued, I am not adequate to describe. I was knocked to leeward with the man at the wheel. I recovered myself in a moment, shouting for every person to cling to the steamer, as their only hope. I caught hold of a broken chain on the bow, and hauled myself up, shouting at the same time to the crew and passengers to follow. I had barely time to get on the steamer's bow; and while getting up I noticed that her bow was into the ship, within a foot of the after hatch, that she was stove clear to leeward, and that full 20 feet of her side was stove in.—There must have been nearly fifty persons killed by the collision. Every exertion was made by Captain Lott, his officers and crew, and the passengers on board the steamer. The boats were lowered as soon as possible. Unfortunately, only about ten were saved by the boats; the balance, numbering 33, more or less, saved themselves by hanging to the bow. The steamer lay by the scene of the disaster as long as there was any hope of saving any of the sufferers.

The following is an extract from Capt. Forbes's account of the disaster:

"At two o'clock of the day named, not being well, I retired to my state room in the forward cabin, and lay down with my clothes on, on the settee, and soon fell asleep. I was suddenly awakened by a crash and a shock which I could not misunderstand. I rushed upon deck, and to the port bow of our ship, where the most appalling spectacle presented itself; the bow of our ship appeared to be half way through the barque, having struck her just abaft the main rigging, on the port side. She had all sail set; one glance at the ill-fated barque satisfied me that she must instantly go down, and that no earthly power could save many of the passengers. The after hatches were obstructed by pieces of broken timbers; the main hatch was entirely clear, and appeared to be filled with women and children, vainly endeavoring to get on deck. I should judge that the ladder had been knocked down in the general crash. The water at this time was rushing into the vessel like a mill race. Seeing that the only chance to save any one was to lower our boats, I rushed aft, taking off my overcoat and my frock coat as I went along, on my way, and when near the after part of the port paddle box, I perceived that men were already engaged in clearing away the quarter-boats. I stopped to endeavor to clear away the life-boat, but being alone, and having nothing but a small jack-knife to cut the lashings, I saw that my efforts would be of no avail in time. Just as I was abandoning the effort, I perceived a woman and child, the latter some ten feet from the woman, floating past the paddle-box. I instantly jumped down on the grating or sponson, abaft the wheel, crying to the many spectators about the main rigging for a rope; 'for God's sake give me a rope!' but every one seemed stunned and paralyzed by the sudden and awful scene."

Captain Forbes ultimately succeeded in preserving several lives, at great risk to himself; but, as has been related, only 42 out of 176 souls on board the ill-fated ship were saved. But one woman is among the survivors—not one child.

Among the passengers lost, of which there is no list, are the following:

Mr. Thomas Parker, of Charleston, S. C.; George Brown, of Portland, Me.; Wm. Rich, of Gravesend, England.

The following named passengers, bound to New York, Philadelphia, Boston, &c., were saved from the wreck of the Charles Bartlett:

Wm. Cross, of Rugby; James Miller, of London; John McKenzie, of London; Chas. Palmer, of Godalming; David Gutzman, of Germany; Frederick Fisher, of London; Geo. Fitzgerald, of London; John Hever, of Kent; David Mery, of Norwich; John Halfonse, of London; John Ticken, of Germany; Henry Holland, of Sussex; Samuel Green, of London; Thomas Brown, of London; Stephen Rolfe, of London; James Berry, of Newark; Wm. Gardner, of London; Jas. Gannon, of London; Thomas Ayers, of New York; James King, of London; A. Carmichael, of London; Wm. Baring, a Prussian; Stephen Gaspari and Maria Gaspari, brothers, of Preburg; Stephen Hirsch, of Presburg; Joseph Hauck, of Presburg; Petrus Bürner, of Utrecht; P. Rice, of Germany; Henry Sushia, a Prussian; Mrs. Bridget Conroy, of London.

THE SPY IN WASHINGTON

A correspondent of the New York "Mercury" gives the following account of the rather dishonorable manner in which the celebrated correspondent of the New York "Courier and Enquirer," "The Spy in Washington," usually obtained his information:—

My old and excellent friend, Matthew L. Davis—who, by the way, sat a long time at the same desk with me—was regarded, and justly, too, whilst he was known as the "Spy in Washington," as a man of infinitely more consequence than any member of Congress. He was the acknowledged and well known correspondent of the New York Courier and Enquirer. His letters were written in a style of pure Anglo Saxon rhetoric, and were absolutely wonderful for their accuracy. For four years, at least, Mr. Davis regularly, and with the strictest fidelity, imparted to the world the proceedings of the Executive or Secret Sessions of the Senate. He was, in fact, a Delphic Oracle; and the Senate was bothered and perplexed in its efforts to find out how he got hold of its secret proceedings. Every effort and inquiry it made proved idle and unsuccessful. As time has obliterated the past, and as my old friend is not far from the esplanade of eternity, I shall commit no violence if I reveal his mode of operation. There was a lady in the question; and that lady was Mrs. George Poindexter, of Mississippi, formerly Miss Hewes, or Hewett, of Boston.

With that lady, my venerable friend was a favorite, and he had the good luck to be on intimate terms with her husband.

Mr. Poindexter was often solicited by Mr. Davis to afford him an inkling of what was going on in the Senate; but, as that remarkably conscientious individual was bound by his oath—and a Senatorial oath is of corresponding value with a custom house oath—not to reveal the secrets of the Senatorial conclave, he could not yield compliance. But he could do something else. Every man, according to all the principles of ancient knighthood and of chivalry, is at liberty to "tell his wife all he knows," and Mr. Senator Poindexter made his love the sole depository of Senatorial repeculation (?) and perfidy. And Mrs. Senator Poindexter, "originally Miss Hewes, of Boston," had the goodness and the liberality to communicate everything to my old and adored friend, Davis, the "Spy in Washington." He kept everything to himself till it was published in the columns of the New York Courier and Enquirer, and then he would tell me all about it.

The mode of communication between Mrs. Poindexter and Mr. Davis, was rather cabalistic than otherwise. Language was not employed. Governor Poindexter was very lame—the consequence of early piety and sexagenarian baptism—and was obliged to ride from the Capitol to his lodgings. His wife was always at the Capitol to receive him when the Senate adjourned. Mr. Davis always met the husband and wife, and invariably handed the lady to her carriage. When engaged in this act of gallantry, he would ask him, for instance—

"Has the Senate, in Secret Session, had the confirmation of Mr. Livingston under consideration?"

If an affirmative answer were intended, the lady touched the hand of Mr. Davis, which was placed on the steps of the carriage, with her toe. If a negative response were intended, the lady kept her toe to herself, and avoided the hand.

By this, and a corresponding scheme of arrangements, Mr. Matthew L. Davis became possessed of the secret movements of the United States Senate.

The President's Visit to the North.—The exact period for the departure of President Taylor for the North is not yet settled. The Republic says the prevalence of the Cholera may induce him to abandon the visit altogether.

THE HUNGARIAN WOMEN

An old adage says: "Tell me your company, and I will tell you what you are." In a similar spirit, it might be said to a people: Tell us what kind of women you have amongst you, and we will tell you what kind of men you are.

A writer upon Hungary, in the Ledger, of this city, thus describes the Hungarian women:

"To the great moral resources of Hungary, in her present death-struggle for independence, must yet be reckoned the character and devotion of the women. For years back, it was the women of Hungary who gave the most powerful impulse to the national feeling. It is they who fostered the Hungarian language, and its literature, and who inspired patriotic sentiments in their husbands, sons and lovers. Ever since Pesth,—by the Magyrs themselves, from its rapid progress, called the "New York of Old Europe"—became the capital of Hungary, the noble-women refused to spend the income from their large estates at Vienna. They looked on the Hungarian families of the Esterhazys, Kobarys, Nadastys and Czichys, which are almost domiciliated in Austria, if not as absolute traitors, at least as deserters of the cause of their country. Girls refused to marry men who would not vow to shun Vienna, and in no case to accept the office of Chamberlain, or any other court title of distinction. Every national effort from whatever source, was sure of being rewarded by the women. The highest in rank, Countesses and Baronesses, taught infant schools, and instructed the children of the poor in the language and history of their forefathers. One of these, a Countess Brunswick, sister to the Judex Curia, the man second in rank only to the Viceroy Palatinus, established and taught in several of these institutions, during my presence at Pesth; but had to make several journies to Vienna before she could obtain the royal consent to this act of philanthropic and patriotic devotion. 'What do you teach these children?' demanded the late Emperor Francis I., when she remonstrated against the interference of the Government. 'I teach them to become good and useful men and women,' was the noble reply of the Countess. 'I wish,' retorted the Emperor, 'you would teach them to become loyal subjects.' Education in Austria has ever been looked upon as the proper means of teaching the young the prerogatives of their rulers, and the duty of submission on the part of the slaves.

"And here I must pay a just tribute to the personal charms of these women who devote their lives and fortunes to the moral and intellectual elevation of their country. When beauty fires patriotism, we may indeed be prepared to witness deeds of heroic valor. And what beauty is this that acts as a talisman on a brave people in arms for their dearest rights! No fading moonlight countenances, blanched by privation and sorrow—no waning cheeks lit up with the paroxysm of despair—no polished marble, with its cold, repulsive indifference—no figures of the drawing room, tortured into shape by some heathen milliner—no withered relics of conventional endurance. There is a wild, daring, piercing beauty about these women, sprung directly from the Caucasian mountains, by the side of which your soft, blue eyed, flaxen haired Saxon maid looks like a faint lithograph by the side of one of Coreggio's incarnations. Such women, deeply imbued with a sense of their country's wrongs, and a female purpose to avenge them, are now lashing the frenzy of the men to deadly combat."

HENRY CLAY'S LETTER.

A Convention to celebrate the anniversary of Jefferson's celebrated ordinance of 1787, recently assembled in Cleveland. To an invitation to attend it, Henry Clay replied as follows:

Ashland, June 16, 1849

Gentlemen:—I received your official letter, in behalf of the Freemen of the Reserve inviting me to unite with them, at Cleveland, in celebrating the anniversary of the passage of the Ordinance of 1787, on the 13th of July next. I concur entirely in opinion as to the wisdom of that great measure, and I am glad that it has secured to the States, on which it operates, an exemption from the evils of Slavery. But the event of the passage of the Ordinance has never, within my knowledge, been celebrated in any one of the sixty one years which has since intervened. It is proposed for the first time to commemorate it. It is impossible to disguise the conviction, that this purpose originates out of the question, now unfortunately agitating the whole Union, of the introduction of slavery into New Mexico and California. While no one can be more opposed than I am to the extension of Slavery into those new territories, either by the authority of Congress or by individual enterprise, I should be unwilling to do anything to increase the prevailing excitement. I hope that the question will be met in a spirit of calmness and candor, and finally settled in a manner to add strength and stability, instead of bringing any danger to the existence of our Union. In all our differences of opinion, we should never cease to remember that we are fellow citizens of one common and glorious country, not to exercise mutual and friendly forbearance.

But, gentlemen, waiving all other considerations, indispensable engagements will prevent my attendance on the occasion which you have done me the honor to invite me.

With great respect I am
Your friend and ob't servant,
H. CLAY.

THE CHOLERA.

We are happy to announce the gradual mitigation of the Cholera in this city. In New York also it appears to be on the decrease. In Cincinnati there have been, from the 1st ult. to the 16th inst., 2,475 deaths by cholera, of which nearly two thousand were foreigners. The entire deaths for the month was 3,618, making a daily average mortality of 117. On the 19th inst., the interments were less than one hundred per day. It had been nearly two hundred. In St. Louis, also, the pestilence seems to have done its worst, and the number of interments has been reduced to eighty per day. Compared with those of 180 and 190, this is a very favorable change. The deaths in St. Louis since the 8th of June, when the cholera broke out, have been 5,357, of which 3,962 were by cholera. From the first of June to the 9th of July, the reports show 3,481 deaths, exhibiting, with its actual population of 55,000, a mortality of sixty-one in every thousand, or one out of about sixteen, in six weeks. In other places in the South and West, the disease appears to be dying away as rapidly as it grew in violence. Thank Heaven! that the scourge is passing away.

Clippings.

Chetas, the eyes are not to see with—
No more than wives were made to be with;
Or milk was sent us to drink tea with;
Some sages hint they're formed to weep with,
Others to cast a look like sheep with;
It's my belief they're meant—to sleep with!

☞ Why is a kiss like heartless worship? Because it is "lip service."

☞ Calhoun's reply to Benton's speech on the Wilmot Proviso, occupies seven compact columns of the Charleston Courier.

☞ Col. Fremont has been appointed Commissioner to run the Mexican boundary line, in place of Col. Weller.

☞ The Liverpool Albion states that a ship is forthwith to be despatched to California, with a cargo of the English fair sex, under the assured prospect that those who espouse them will pay their passage in their weight of gold.

☞ We learn from the Paris National that "New Orleans, in the United States, has been submerged and abandoned."

☞ There is frequently more pleasure in giving a thing than in receiving it. This applies more especially to Medicine, Advice and Kicks.

☞ "We have not room to day to say all we could of the beauties and comforts of this delightful place, among which we cannot omit to mention a very pleasant, social and good looking circle of ladies, with any quantity of "little angels" in long robes, looking as if they had just been snowed down from the blossoms of Paradise."—Mirror.

☞ When you want butter, do not use the butter knife, but always your own, after making it nice and clean by drawing it several times over your tongue, and through your lips!

☞ It is said that since the flight of the Pope from Rome, 70,000 copies of the Bible have been sold in that city.

☞ You often hear of a man being in advance of his age, but you never heard of a woman being in the same predicament.

☞ Dickens, it is calculated, received 2s. 6d. for every word in his last work, "The Ghost's Bargain."

☞ The word murder contains in itself the secret, nine times in ten, of its existence in our language. Backwards it spells Red Rum. Oh how many murders has rum been the chief cause?

☞ A letter has been received from Mrs. Judson (Fanny Forester) stating that she is decidedly better.

☞ There is a kind of pity for "the people," now in vogue, which is most effeminate. To address such stuff to the people is not to give them anything, but to take away what they have.

☞ Horn, the inveterate joker, went to the North River, to see a ship that was advertised to sail for Bremen. On returning, the wag remarked that he had been to see the ship, but on arriving at the pier, he found that she had gone to sea herself.

☞ The Salem Advertiser says: "An old sea captain tells us, that in his extensive experience, he never has known warmer weather, night and day, in any part of the world, than we had here last week."

☞ It will be a sad day for the liberties of this country, when the Press shall cower before sectarian bigotry and ecclesiastical dictation.

☞ A dandy black entered a book store, and with a very consequential air, inquired, "Hab you a few quires of letter paper of the very best rate for a gentleman to write lub letters on?" "Yes," was the reply, "how many will you have?" "I s'pose," said he, "my stay at de Spring may be about two or three weeks. Gib 'nough quires to write four letters."

General News.

RELATIVE COST OF MATTRESSES.

Hair Mattresses.—These are generally sold by weight, and cost from 50 to 75 cents per pound; 30 or 40 pounds will cost $15 to $25.

Woollen Mattresses.—30 pounds of wool, at 30 cents per pound, $9; 12 yards of ticking, at 12½ cts. per yard, $1,50; labor, thread, &c., $2,75—total $13 25.

Feather Beds.—40 pounds of feathers, at 30 cents per pound, $12 00; 15 yards of ticking, at 12½ cents per yard, $1,87½; labor, thread, &c., $2,75—total, $16 62½.

Moss or Corn-shuck Mattresses, ready made, $12. The labor of properly preparing the shucks constitutes its main cost, and which cannot be done for less than the above price, all materials furnished.

Cotton Mattresses.—30 pounds of cotton, even at 8 cts. per pound, $2 40; 12 yards of ticking, at 12½ cents per yard, $1 50; labor, thread, &c., $2,75—total, $6,65.—*N. O. Paper.*

The Best Proof.—Dr. Thomas S. Bryant, who furnished the Intelligencer's cholera receipt, which has given rise to so much controversy, says he has known from fifty to one hundred drops of laudanum to be given in cholera with good effects. Doses of twenty drops will not answer. The full dose, which some druggists say will kill anybody, he says, "I have taken myself with most positive success, as my being alive abundantly proves." Somebody has added a quart of brandy to his recipe, but he eschews the latter, and says:

"A drachm of the tincture of Cayenne pepper would be totally lost in this overflow of the ardent, and leave not a shadow behind, to say nothing of the diminution or total extinction of the effects of the other articles, upon which great reliance is to be placed."

Curious Fact.—It is stated, as a fact, that not a single person employed in the gas houses at Cincinnati or Louisville, has yet been attacked with the cholera. The works are located in the lowest and most unhealthy part of the city, surrounded by disease; the families of the men working at the gas works have suffered severely, in common with their neighbors; the rolling mill and some other factories in the same location have been compelled to stop work, as many of their hands having died, and become sick; and the manufacturing business of Cincinnati generally has been seriously paralyzed from the same cause; and yet not a case among the gas-works hands. The same observation was made in London, in 1832, in regard to the gas-works there.

Kossuth and the Hebrews.—It is related of Kossuth that he paid a visit to the Jewish Synagogue at Gresswandem while the Israelites were at prayer. After the service was over, he addressed them in his peculiar style, and requested forgiveness, in the name of the nation, for the unjust acts done and burdens imposed upon their race during so many centuries; he thanked them for their bravery and devotion to the public cause, and gave them a solemn assurance that from henceforth the law would acknowledge no distinctions between individuals based upon a difference of religious belief.

"A Circumstance."—The Providence Transcript, says the Chronotype, is responsible for the following:

"A young man of this city was about taking leave of his father, who was bound for California. He resolved upon opening the Bible and marking the first verse that met his eye applicable to the departed friend. He opened to the 28th chapter of Job, 1st verse: 'Surely there is a vein for the silver, and a place for the gold where they find it.' It certainly a singular circumstance."

It certainly is a singular circumstance, considering that the verse is not to be found either in the Old or New Testament.—*Olive Branch.*

The Roman Army.—The regular troops now defending Rome, amount to 16 000 men. Among them are 1 600 Swiss, who have passed from the Papal service to that of the Republic; 1,500 Poles and Hungarians, and about 6,000 Lombards. The Sicilians, Neapolitans, French, and others, amount together to about 1,400 men. About 2,000 civic guards have entered the regular service. The remainder is composed of Roman volunteers. Besides these regular troops, the civic guard and the armed people defend the walls, and sometimes take part in the sallies.

Force of Imagination in Cholera.—A curious experiment was recently tried in Russia with some murderers. They were placed, without knowing it, in four beds where four persons had died of the cholera. They did not take the disease. They were then told they were to sleep in beds where some persons had died of malignant cholera, but the beds were in fact new, and had not been used at all. Nevertheless, three of them died of the disease within four hours. We state this upon the authority of the London Medical Times.

Massachusetts Denominational Statistics.—The Massachusetts State Record and Year Book of General Information, published this year, gives the names of the churches and ministers of every denomination in each town. The following is a summary of the principal denominations:—Trinitarian Congregationalist Churches, 465; Calvinist Baptist, 255; Methodist, 207; Unitarian, 167; Universalist, 138; Episcopalian, 57; Roman Catholic, 27.

The Potato.—The hope is indulged from an examination of the potato patches this year, that the "potato cholera" is passing away. The plant now exhibits the old-fashioned indications of health and vigor which belonged to it years ago. The tops have a fresh and healthful hue, and are well covered with seed balls. This last indication is regarded as a sign of returning health to the constitution of the potato race, which for a number of years has presented but very few seed balls.

Annexation of Canada.—It was contemplated by the early founders of the Republic, that Canada should form a part of the United States, as appears from the following article, specially inserted in the old Articles of Confederation of 1778:—

"Art. 11.—Canada acceding to this Confederation and joining in the measures of the United States, shall be admitted into and entitled to all the advantages of this Union: but no other Colony shall be admitted into the same, unless such admission be agreed to by the nine States."

Literary Intelligence.—Mr. Cooper has sent to the press a new novel with the singular title of "Ways of the Hour." Mr. Paulding has also a new novel in press, to be entitled "The Puritan and his Daughter." "Mexico and the United States," is the title of a forthcoming work by Major Ripley, U. S. A. The distinguished Divine, Dr. Hawks, has a work in press on "Egypt and its Monuments, as illustrative of Scripture History."

The Jewish Ritual.—At the recent consecration of the West London Synagogue, a new and elegant place of worship, the Rev. Mr. Mark stated that the Scriptural observances of the Jews had fallen off, and needed reformation, that a modification of the ritual had become necessary, and that the female portion of the congregation should be elevated from the degrading position they had hitherto occupied.

Extraordinary Fecundity in Farm Stock.—Mr. Morgan of St Armand, Missisquoi, had on his farm an extraordinary case of fecundity in his stock. On the same day in the past week, one of his brood mares dropped two live foals; a young three year old cow, four calves; and a breeding sow, 14 pigs; the whole are now living, and perfectly healthy.—*Montreal Herald.*

Father Mathew.—He is a very plain, unpretending, small-sized, excellent man. While conversing with him, the question came spontaneously up in my mind—Where lies the mighty power of this meek, mild, good man? You will recollect on a momentous occasion, it was represented by a still, small voice."—*Boston Traveller.*

Very Conscientious.—A man lately confined in a jail in Sciota county, Ohio, for cattle stealing, managed, with five others, to break out on Sunday, and being captured by the Sheriff on one of the neighboring hills, he very gravely remarked to the officer: "I might have escaped, but I had conscientious scruples about travelling on Sunday."

Slaves Going to California.—M Rowe, formerly one of the publishers of the Belfast (Me.) Journal, but now on the road to California, writes to that paper, May, 13, in Camp, twenty miles west of Independence—"I have seen as many as a dozen teams going along with their families of slaves."

☞ What Next.—Dr. J. F. Wright, of Greenfield, Ohio, has invented a machine to print the names of subscribers on newspapers, by which eighteen hundred papers can be directed in an hour, with the greatest accuracy. It is to be patented.—*Mill. Sent.*

Colt's Pistols.—One hundred men are employed in making these instruments at Hartford. They turn out one hundred and twenty a week, and the demand is almost as many for each day.

FROM CALIFORNIA.

Letters from San Francisco to May the 19th, one day later than previous accounts, have been received, via Mazatlan. The market was over stocked with many descriptions of goods, which were selling at low rates. Some dozen vessels were daily expected from the Celestial Empire.

The charges for storage and landing goods were enormous—from $3 to $4 per month was charged storage, and $6 to $8 per ton for landing goods. The anchorage was crowded with vessels, and others were arriving daily. Some hundred more were expected in August. Many articles of merchandise could be purchased from 30 to 50 per cent. discount in the invoice. Building materials, principally house frames complete, boats of good descriptions, and carts with every thing complete, would do well. Provisions and clothing were abundant and cheap. Lumber was worth $160 per thousand feet, and scarce at that. Large portions of the inhabitants in San Francisco were madly gambling in land.

New towns were being laid out in different spots around the bay, and building lots in wilderness sites, were selling from $1,500 to $2,000 each.

San Francisco was full of people, and it is not an uncommon thing for twenty or thirty individuals to occupy one small apartment; the tents about the town are innumerably crowded. Rooms, 20 feet square, let from $600 to $800 per annum. Building lots, worth two years since, $200, now sell for $50,000.

The gold dust this season had not been dug out very freely, owing to the swollen state of the streams; but no doubts were entertained but that as much would be gathered this year as last—as the number of laborers this season exceeded those of the previous one.

At the mines, as yet, matters remain pretty quiet; but fears are entertained that ere long there will be serious disturbances between our countrymen and the Mexicans—as some six thousand of the latter have arrived in the country and evinced a most turbulent disposition. You may rest assured, however, that should any important outbreaks take place they will be shot down to a man.

News has just been received that six men in 20 days, near the Feather River, procured sixty thousand dollars in gold dust.

The ship Grey Eagle, from Philadelphia, J. C. Fremont, from Baltimore, the Huntress from Valparaiso, and another ship have just arrived, and thus they pour in almost daily. There are upwards of seventy square rigged vessels now in port, and a number of small craft. The Hortensia sailed from this port to-day for Mazatlan.

DESPATCHES FOR CALIFORNIA

A telegraphic despatch from Washington says:

Wm. Carey Jones, whose resignation as Secretary of the Board of Mexican Commissioners has been previously announced, will leave this city in a few days for California, with most important despatches to Gen. Persifer F. Smith, in relation to the future government of that country, as President Taylor has determined to take all needful responsibility in our unorganized territories for the preservation of order.

Varieties.

Rival Singers.—Jenny Lind is a blonde, with eyes of a polar blue. Her face, far from pretty, is well lighted with expression and sentiment, and her person has that Northern grace, a little awkward and affected, but still not without its charm. Her voice has neither remarkable scope nor strength, but she governs it with incomparable art—with a facility, a dainty lightness, that is wonderful. Her acting, which is intelligent and much more finished than that of most lyric actors, errs a little in its exaggerated sensibility. At pathetic points, she executes a shiver, with her chest, her hips and her hands—a caricature of feeling which is not perceived in London, where mimicry of all kinds must be exaggerated to suit the public taste.

Alboni, now, since Jenny Lind has re-entered the Scandinavian fogs, finds herself the star of the Queen's Theatre. To better rival her formidable predecessor, she has endeavored to be not only a singer, but an actress, and—(oh, of what is feminine self love incapable!)—she has found a way to dis-fatten, somewhat, her languid proportions! But next year, accidents excepted, Alboni will have a waist!

Two of 'Em.—"Scraps," of the Tuscaloosa Observer, is "some pumpkins," sure, if we may judge from the following laconic correspondence:—Scraps used to manage the business affairs of an uncle in Pittsburg, who, among other peculiarities, was very economical of words. One day the old gentleman, hearing that there was a boat at the wharf, by which he wished to make a large shipment of coal, wrote thus to Scraps:—

Dear Scraps:—
; board. Yours,
NUNCLE.

Scraps beat him, though, at his own game. He wrote back:—

Dear Nuncle:—
Yours, SCRAPS.

Explanation—Semicolon: (See my coal on board.) Colon: (Coal on.)

O'Connell on the Roman Question.—"One evening, in speaking of Shakspeare, O'Connell, said, I am certain he was a Catholic. In his writings you will find his priests and friars good men. This circumstance is very remarkable, when we consider that he wrote at a period when abuse of Popery would have naturally been practiced, to court the ruling powers by any writer who was not a Catholic himself."

"In the play of King John," observed Mr. Lucas, (the editor of the Tablet,) "Shakspeare shows strong determination to give temporal power and authority to the Pope."

"That," replied O'Connell "is a perfectly Catholic sentiment, and one in which I fully and cordially participate, so far as concerns the Pope's actual dominion."—*Daunt's Personal Recollections of O'Connell.*

Lily Encrenite (Stone Lily).—Among the "Wonders of Geology," more than 9,000 different kinds of animals have been found changed into stone. The Lily Encrenite, consisted of an immense number of little joints or bones—those in the head alone being estimated at 26,000. The bones in the entire animal were not less than 150,000, as each bone must have had one muscle for expansion, and another for contraction, all the muscles of the animal must have amounted to 300,000; forming a muscular apparatus far exceeding that of any other animal known. The animal was fixed at the bottom of the ocean, and could move only by bending and reaching its flexible column, which was admirably fitted for the purpose.

An Appropriate Envoy.—In the Times' Parisian intelligence the other day, it was stated that:—

"The French Government received on Tuesday morning, the 5th instant, the official news that M. Lesseps, the Envoy Extraordinary and Plenipotentiary at Rome, had positively become deranged in his intellect."

We sincerely hope that this piece of news is a hoax; but if M. Lesseps has really gone mad, we can only say—considering the character of Gallic intervention in Roman affairs—that he has become the last possible representative of the French Government at Rome.—*Punch.*

Sulphur versus Sarsaparilla, Etc.—Since the good old fashioned doses of sulphur and molasses gave way to the more modish preparations for "purifying the blood," (such as sarsaparilla, chenchalagua, &c., &c.,) cutaneous humors, herpes, hemorrhoids, erysipelas and scrofula, have become much more common and incurable than they used to be. We do not know why sulphur was thus set aside for these flaunting quack nostrums, unless, peradventure, it be because it was so simple and cheap; but of this we feel assured, that great injury has resulted from its falling into disuse.—*Correspondent Olive Branch.*

The Chinese Cure for Cholera.—The ordinary and most convenient treatment is this—the tongue of the patient is punctured in innumerable places with the point of a table knife, or a crystal blade, so as to provoke an abundant effusion of blood. Then, whilst some of the attendants stretch the principal nerves by main force, others give the patient severe blows on the chest, the back, the thighs and the hips, until torrents of blood gush forth. When the crisis is over, the patient recovers at the cost of numerous scars and bruises, and a skin as black as that of a negro.

Edwin Forrest.—Mr. Edwin Forrest calls the general expression of disgust at his conduct, on the part of the press, "cowardice and malice," and bombastical! declares his intention to go straight onward, turning neither to the right nor to the left! If he could turn completely round, and retrace regretfully the preposterous path which he has been treading for a year back, he might possibly recover some portion of the respect of many who have been compelled to condemn him at the expense of both pride and feeling.—*St. Louis Reveille.*

Fourth of July Prophecy.—The Sunday Times thus winds up its annual "vent to its feelings":—

"Of one thing, reader, be thou sure—the Yankee eagle one day
Will stretch his wings from Behring's Straits beyond the Bay of Fundy,
And from the Pole to Panama, when sleeping I and you lie,
Will all belong to Uncle Sam some future Fourth of July."

Chinese Mode of Administering Oaths.—The witness is made to kneel, and to break a saucer on a bar in front of him. The following oath is then administered:—"You shall tell the truth, and the whole truth; the saucer is cracked, and if you do not tell the truth, your soul will be cracked like the saucer."

An Apt Question.—The Directors of the Boston and Maine Railroad have determined to employ no one who uses intoxicating drinks upon that road. *Exchange Paper.*

Wonder if all the Directors and other officers abstain from wine and other intoxicating drinks?—*Lynn News.*

LINES ON A KITTEN.

[There is a tender and exquisite beauty in the following lines, which goes directly to the reader's heart. Read and weep:]

Here lies, by death smitten,
A helpless young kitten,
To moulder away in the dust;
Oh, had it lived longer,
It might have been stronger,
And died somewhat older, we trust.

Had it grown up to cat-hood,
Then many a rat would
Have mourned in the deepest of wo;
Let the curtain be drawn to,
We hope it has gone to
That land to which other cats go.

Cherry Jam.—First stone, and then weigh some freshly gathered preserving cherries; boil them over a brisk fire for an hour, keeping them almost constantly stirred from the bottom of the pan, to which they will otherwise be liable to stick and burn. Add half a pound of good sugar, roughly powdered, for each pound of the fruit, and boil the preserve quickly for twenty minutes, taking off the scum as it rises. The blanched kernals of part of the cherries may be added to the jam five minutes before it is taken from the fire.

Remedy for Cramps.—A correspondent of the New York Sun mentions a simple remedy for cramps, which he says he has tested in many cases with invariable success. It consists in tying a handkerchief around the forearm, a little distance above the wrist, and then placing a stick underneath and twisting the handkerchief tightly. In a minute the cramp will desert, if then the handkerchief hurts let it be slackened, and on a recurrence of the cramp tightened again.

The Power of Reflection.—The most extraordinary thing in connection with Gin Palaces, notwithstanding the profusion of every known and unknown ornament, is the absence of mirrors.—This may be accounted for by the fact that publicans are well aware that, if a drunkard could only see himself, he would immediately turn away in horror from the glass.—*Punch.*

THE STOCK MARKET

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY CHARLES CAMBLOS, STOCK AND EXCHANGE BROKER.

No. 22 South Third street.

The following were the closing quotations for Stocks on Monday last. Market closing dull

	Bid.	Asked.		Bid.	Asked.
U S 6s '56	107	107½	Mechanics'	27½	27½
" '62	111½	112	Southwark	70	80
" '67	116½	117	Kensington	58	60
" '68	117	117½	P Township	28	28½
" 5s '53	101½	102	Girard	14½	14½
Int due 1 July off			Western	57½	58½
" 5s '51	98	101	Man & Mechs	25½	26
U S Tr N 6s	116½	116½	Bk of Com	51	52
" 1 mill	116	—	Camden N J	51	—
Philada 6s	101	101½	Germantown	49	50
" 5s	98	—	Trenton Bkg Co	32	-
" " Gas	—	—	Pittsburg Bank	53	—
County 5s	85	86	M & M, Pitts	50	—
Penna 6s	99	99½	Exchange, Pitts	49½	50
" 5s	88½	89	Com, Cincin	15	—
Kentucky 6s	102	—	Louisville, Ky	95	96
Tennessee 5s	85½	86	Kentucky Bk	97	100
Illinois 6s	44	—	Northern	102	106
Cincinnati 6s	95	96	Union, Tenn	50½	51
Texas T. Notes	8	10	Planters, Tenn	54	—
" bds	8	—	Vicksburg	16½	16½
Schuyl N 6s	51½	51½	Com, Natchez	—	—
" Int	51	—	N O Gas Bk	105	115
Lehigh N 6s	66½	67	Schuylkill Nav	18	20
" Int loan	55	57	Lehigh Nav	26½	27½
" Mort 6s	88	89	C & Del Cl	79	80
C & Del Cl 6s	89	89½	Morris Cl	9	9½
C & Am R bds	97	98	Penn & Ohio Cl	33	35
Bea Mdw R 6s	75	—	Union Cl	11½	11½
Susqueh Cl 6s	56	57½	Cam & Am R	140	142
Norrist'n R 6s	78	—	Penna R	39½	40
Harrisburg R 6s	90	—	Bea Mdw R	20½	21½
Wil R 6s	83	89	Lykens Val R	25	—
Read R 6s	63	63½	North Am Cl	—	12
" Mort 6s	85½	86	Susqueh Cl	11	11½
U S Bk Notes	99	90	Norristown R	15½	15½
U S Bk Shares	2½	2½	Harrisburg R	49½	50
N Amer Bk	124	124	Wilmington R	28	28½
Penna Bk	109	109½*	Reading R	18½	18½
Philadelphia	128	129	Minehill R	85	87
Far & Mec	61	61½	N Liberty Gas	28	—
Commercial	56	57	Flem Copper	5	—
N Liberty	45	—	N J Copper	—	—

* Shares been divided into 3 shares.

CATTLE MARKETS.

Philadelphia, July 23.—The offerings of Beef Cattle for the week were 1,400 head. Of these 1,050 head were sold here and the remainder driven to New York. Prices are ranging from $5 to 7 per 100 lbs. Hogs—There were 850 in the market, and all sold at from $4,50 to 4,75 per 100 lbs; an extra lot brought $5. Cows—There were about 100 sold as follows—$15 to 35 for fresh, $15 to 25 for springers, $7 to 15 for dry. Sheep and Lambs—The former from $2 to 4; the latter from $1 to 3.

New York, July 23.—Offered, 1,500 beef cattle, (all Southern,) 75 cows and calves, and 4,000 sheep and lambs. Sales of beef cattle at from 6 to 7½c per lb; sales occasionally above and below these figures, which, however, represent the true average of the market. A lot of 40 head were purchased for shipment to the Bermuda market, and about 200 left over. Business on the whole rather dull, though not more so than is usually the case at this season of the year. Cows and calves sell at from $20 to $30a$45, as in quality—15 left over. Sheep and lambs in good supply; sales of the former at $2 75 a $5 50, and the latter at $1 50 a $2 to $3 50, 200 unsold.

NEW YORK MARKETS, JULY 21.

There was scarcely any body on 'Change to day, and the absence of the letter mail checked business very materially. The low grade of Western Flour are rather lower, while the better descriptions are firm. The news did not help prices any. Sales to-day comprise 5,000 bbls at $4,12a4 31¼ for sour and $4 75a4,87½ for common state. Other kinds are without change from yesterday. There were in the above about 2,000 bbls for export.

Southern Flour remains steady, with sales of 300 bbls at $5a5,70 for the whole range, the latter price for new Brandywine. Rye Flour is dull at $3—the sales not exceeding 400 bbls. Meal is $2,94, with moderate business.

Ashes.—The sales of the day are 120 bbls, including Pots at $5,62a5,68, and Pearls at $5.

The market for Cotton is no better since the Caledonia's news, though the prices obtained are very full; sales reach 2,000 bales.

Grain—Wheat continues unsettled and quotations would be entirely nominal. Some parcels were reported sold, but I could not trace them. Rye is dull at 57c. Oats are in good demand—the sales reach up 2100 bushels at 31a35c. In Corn there is no material change, and a good demand prevails. The sales are 55,000 bushels at 55c for round mixed; 52 cts for damaged; 54a56c for Western mixed; 57c for do yellow, and 59a59½c for round.

Whiskey.—About 300 bbls Ohio and Prison changed hands at 41a 44c.

Oil.—In Linseed the sales are 5,000 gallons at 58a 60c.

Fish.—There is a good demand for dry Cod, and about 2,000 quintals Western Bank and St. George's changed hands, to arrive, at $2,60a 2,75.

Provisions.—Ohio Pork is rather better again to-day, and the sales are 100 bbls, in lots, at $11,75a10, 81¼ for mess and $9 for prime. Beef continues firm at the advance, and the sales are 400 bbls at $13,75a 14,50 for mess, and some small lots of prime at $11,50. Lard remains firm, with sales of 200 bbls at 6⅞a7 cts, and extra lots do at 7½c. For Cut Meats, the demand is active, and the operations comprise 400 bbls at 6 ½ for plain Hams, and 7c for extra sugar cured. Butter is firmer for Ohio, with sales at 7a11c; Western is a shade do. Cheese is more saleable, and quoted at 5a6½c.

RATES OF ADVERTISING.

For a single square, first insertion,	$2 00
For each subsequent insertion,	$1 50
For one square, 6 months,	$20 00
For one square, a year,	$40.00

Payment is required in advance.

OUR MAIL RECEIPTS.

Receipts for the Saturday Evening Post from the 14th to the 20th July

July 14, received from

W B Zeiber	$1 50	V. Ramseur	2 00
E. Barnes	2 10	J. Clinton	2 00
A. Lecomte	2 10	J. Terrell	5 00
E. H. Carbett	5 00	H. Rowland	1 00
A. Tait	1 00	J. Cott	5 00
H. Weeks	1 00	J. Booth	2 93
J. D. Woodley	10 00	J. Norton	1 00
Miss M. C. McElhenney	2 00	S. Reynolds	3 00
		C. H. Jackman	5 31
J. B. Hayes	10 00	B. C. Wilsey & Co	15 00
T. W. Field	5 00	S. M. & T. Peel	10 00

July 16

G. L. Constable	2 00	Mrs. C. D. Hosmer	2 00
C. A. Ladamus	1 00	Miss M. A. Bassner	2 00
A. Hamilton	2 00	Mrs. C. Weinbridge	2 00
R. Sanly	20 00	G. W. Heidebach	10 00
A. L. Alexander	2 00	W. W. Patten	5 00
W. Warman	1 25	Mrs. C. K. Crossian	2 00
J. W. Van Winkle	2 00	C. F. K. Von Harten	10 00
E. T. Stowell	2 00	W. P. Kendall	5 00
A. Dwire	5 00	D. D. Bonsan & Co.	20 00
F. Hagan & Co.	10 00	A. H. & D. Seal	10 00
W. K. Payne	5 00	C. B. Wonderly & Co	15 00

July 17.

D. Berry	5 00	S. Reed	5 00
T. Becker & Son	9 84	F. Cave	1 00
E. Murphree & Co.	6 00	H. H. Kerr	11 00
Mrs. Gilbert	2 00	J. H. Dixon	2 10
T. Bryant	1 25	Mrs. E. W. Melvin	2 00
R. Harvey	1 00	C. H. Porter	15 00
J. Widner	5 00	N. & H. Hale	10 00

July 18

N. Nettleton	1 50	G. Buhl	1 00
J. D. Jones	1 00	J. Heyburn	1 00
R. Smethurst	2 00	H. Spilman	53
J. Brown	1 00	D. Donahue	1 00
J. Nelson	1 00	J. McNally	1 00
L. Hewett	3 00	A. Mihal	50
J. Byerly	1 00	S. Weldy	1 00
C. Yoder	1 00	J. Bading	1 00
G. Woodbury	1 00	H. Barnet	1 00
L. Bishop	2 00	H. Corfield	1 00
S. Watson	1 00	W. H. Butler	1 00
W. Laird	1 00	R. C. Chance	1 00
E. B. Leeds	1 00	G. Wevill	1 00
J. Albertson	1 00	S. R. Evans	1 00
C. Gines	2 00	W. Wright	5 00
C. Hearsey	1 00	A. S. Stevens	7 50
W. S. Kelly	1 00	S. W. Fowle	37 50
R. Blood	1 00	T. H. Gibbons	5 00
R. Shaw	1 00	J. Lowe	10 00
C. Cline	1 00	J. Walker	2 00
J. B. Mason	2 00	The Hemans Society	5 00
D. Graham	2 00	J. R. Goswiler	1 25
J. J. Wheeler	2 00	J. Simmons	3 00
G. Earle	1 00	J. F. Beck	31
R. White	1 50	J. S. Harman	4 00
S. Clymer	1 00	C. R. Hoover	5 00
H. Smiley	2 00	S. B. Ford	5 00
J. B. Wilson	1 00	D. J. Kenney	5 00
J. Shallock	1 00	W. Williams	1 00
Mrs. F. M. Hunt	1 00	H. Hillary	2 00
J. Daly	1 00	J. Kimler	22 00
T. Q. Moffitt	1 00	J. H. Branham	5 00
A. H. Shepherd	1 00	W. Newnham	2 00
D. Jones	1 00	R. C. Bell	2 00
J. Harredon	1 00	D. May	5 00
T. Land	1 00	E. Brown	2 00

July 19.

J. Ankrim & Co	2 00	S. May	2 00
N. Jay	2 00	Miss R. Hooper	2 00
M. B. Matterson	1 50	W. Schurt	5 00
J. Baskett	1 00	A. H. Kuhn	5 00
A. C. Murer	2 00	A. Robinson	5 00
G. W. Kirkhill	2 00	S. F. Lyndall	14 00
A. French	2 00	S. Hoffer	2 00
J. K. Robbins	2 00	E. D. Roberts	2 00
R. D. M. Dunlap	1 00	S. L. Irvine & Co	10 00
Dr. G. Osgood	5 00	L. M. Neale & Co.	15 00
G. C. Randlett	1 25		

July 20.

Dr. J. S. Stout	1 50	O. L. Hanleson	1 00
T. E. Deacon	3 00	W. Thaddeus	1 00
J. Lilla	2 00	J. Olmsted	10 00
W. F. Area	10 00	C. Smith	5 00
A. A. Lockwood	5 00	T. Nixon	3 00
T. Brewster	5 00	H. Ferguson	5 00
Capt. A. R. Ramsey	2 00	W. White	2 00
C. Holt	2 00	R. D. Bayley & Co.	15 00
W. P. Rembert	2 00	S. M. Trotter & Co.	10 00
J. B. Wynne	2 00		

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ALMANAC.

July, 1849	SUN RISES	SUN SETS	HIGH WATER	MOON'S PHASES
28 Saturday,	4 53	7 7	9 3	
29 Sunday,	4 54	7 6	9 49	D. H. M.
30 Monday,	4 55	7 5	10 35	
31 Tuesday,	4 56	7 4	11 24	
1 Wednesday,	4 57	7 3	12 9	Full 5 8 23
2 Thursday,	4 58	7 2	12 53	Last 13 2 1
3 Friday,	4 59	7 1	1 31	New 19 4 8
4 Saturday.	5 0	7 0	2 12	First 26 7 28

Marriages.

On the 18th inst. by the Rev. C. C. Cutler, D. D., James C. Collins, of Philadelphia, to E. Matilda, daughter of the late John N. Moulder, of Washington City.

On the 18th instant, by the Rev. Wm. Sterrett, Mr. Robert Long, to Miss Matilda Barclay.

On the 16th of May, by Ald Clark, Wm. Vanzant, of Philadelphia, to Elizabeth Howell, of Bristol Township, Bucks county.

On the 6th instant, by the Rev. John Street, Mr. William Power, to Mrs. Mary Dunlop, all of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Thos. G. Allen, Mr. James Buchanan to Miss Eliza J. Robinson.

On the 8th inst. by the Rev. Geo. W. Lybrand, Mr. Isaac Logan, to Miss Lydia Jones, both of this city.

On the 17th inst. at the church of the Nativity, Spring Garden, by the Rev. N. Sayre Harris, Charles S. Wayne, of this city, to Elizabeth White, daughter of Col. Joseph L. Harper, formerly of Dover, Del.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. John Chambers, Jas. Hackett, of Fallsmore, to Helen F. daughter of the Rev. John Chambers, of this city.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. Levi Storks, Mr. Wm. Forbes to Miss Margaret Lee, all of Southwark.

In Canton, Pa. on the 11th inst. by the Rev. James Montgomery, Mr. John Black, of Shippensville, Clarion county, to Miss Ann Wells, of Philadelphia.

On the 17th inst. by the Rev. C. P. Masten, Albert A. Denton, to Jane C. daughter of Thos. Fay, all of this city.

On the 11th instant, by the Rev. J. B. Hagany, Mr. Enoch Thomas, of Pottsville, Pa. to Miss Hannah E. Jones, of Newcastle county, Del.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. H. D. Gillette, Henry Miller, to Jane Patten, both of this city.

On the 17th of March, by the Rev. John L. Grant, Mr. Theodore Williams, to Miss Margaret Smith, both of this city.

On the 19th inst. by the Rev. Andrew Black, Mr. Charles H. Paulson, of Pittsburg, to Miss Eliza Beth D. daughter of James Gormly, Esq. of Allegany.

Deaths.

On the 3d of June, at St. Louis, of cholera, Margaret, wife of Nelson Deacon, and daughter of Jesse Gillam, of Philadelphia, in her 33d year.

Oh weep not for her, who from suffering and sorrow,
Has fled to the clime of peaceful accord;
Whose spirit in heaven new raptures will borrow,
For blessed are they who die in the Lord.

On the 29th inst. Mrs. Margaret Pease, aged 75.

On the 20th inst. Thomas Harry, son of Thomas T. and Susan Hough, aged 5 months.

On the 2d inst. at West Philadelphia, Ann Sesvons, daughter of Dr. J. S. Roe, aged 40 years.

On the 19th inst. Mr. George Glossinger, aged 64.

On the 9th instant, Mrs. Hannah M. Waterman, aged 24 years.

On the 8th inst. Mrs. Elizabeth Simmons, aged 80.

On the 19th inst. Thos. Ashbridge, aged 63 years.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Nicholas L. Wells.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Dorothea, wife of Lewis Fisher.

On the 18th inst. Margaret Flannery.

On the 17th inst. Miss Jane Bloom, aged 48 years.

In Trenton, N. J. on the 18th inst. Martha A. wife of Edward E. Jones, formerly of this city, aged 27.

On the 17th inst. Francis A. Hinton, aged 45.

On the 18th inst. at Cincinnati, Del. Adaline, wife of Robert Cook, of St. Louis, Mo.

On the 17th inst. Joseph S. Snowden, Sr. aged 77.

On the 18th inst. Edward Clarence, son of Allen and M. L. Richmond, aged 3 years and 9 months.

On the 17th inst. Mrs. Ann W. Bockius.

On the 11th inst. Henry W. Richardson, son of J. S. and Sarah A. Richardson, aged 7 years.

At Burlington, N. J. Miss Frances Martin, aged 68 years.

On the 19th inst. John Wood, son of John and Jessie Money, aged 11 years.

On the 9th inst. Mrs. Susan Saunders, aged 68.

On the 19th inst. Christiana, wife of John Cook, aged 40 years.

On the 17th inst. Nathan Davidson, aged 71.

On the 15th inst. Elizabeth Stout, aged 73.

On the 18th inst. Mr. Isaac Snow, aged 44 years.

On the 18th inst. Mrs. Sarah Allen, aged 85.

On the 17th inst. Ann Feeney, aged 25 years.

On the 17th inst. Mr. George Sellers, aged 41.

On the 17th inst. Patrick Garvin, aged 64 years.

On the 18th inst. Harry Cook, son of Theophilus and Elizabeth Mickle, aged 4 months.

On the 18th inst. Maria Wallace, aged 33 years.

On the 18th inst. John, son of David and Margaret Daniel.

On the 17th inst. Patrick Dobson, aged 41 years.

On the 17th inst. Mr. Jonathan Smith.

On the 16th inst. Catharine K. Harmes, aged 15.

On the 17th inst. Gerard J. Johnson, aged 45.

On the 11th inst. Wm. Henry, son of Alexander and Mary M. Russell, aged 18 months.

Bank Note List.

Corrected for the Saturday Evening Post, BY R. JOHNSTON & Co., BROKERS, No. 26 South Third Street. Philadelphia, July 28, 1849.

PENNSYLVANIA.		NEW HAMPSHIRE	
Philadelphia banks	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
U. S. bank notes	11 dis	VERMONT.	
Girard do	par	Bank of St Albans	2 dis
Tradesmen's bk	par	All solvent banks	½ dis
Chambersburg	½ dis	CONNECTICUT.	
York	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Bucks county	no sale	MASSACHUSETTS.	
Gettysburg	½ dis	All solvent banks	½ dis
Carlisle	½ dis	RHODE ISLAND.	
Lewistown	no sale	All solvent banks	½ dis
Brownsville	½ dis	CANADA.	
Pittsburg	½ dis	Montreal	4 dis
Waynesburg	½ dis	VIRGINIA.	
Washington	½ dis	Bk of Va and branches	1 dis
Erie	10 dis	Far. Bk & branch	1 dis
Susquehanna co'nty	15 dis	Valley Bk & branch	1 dis
Lebanon	par	Ex Bk & branches	1 dis
Lehigh county bk	no sale	Wheeling	1 dis
Towanda	no sale	NORTH CAROLINA.	
Honesdale	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Harrisburg	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
West Branch	½ dis	SOUTH CAROLINA.	
Wyoming	par	So. Wes. R. R.	1½ dis
Middletown	½ dis	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Northampton	no sale	Small notes	1½ dis
Schuylkill Haven	par	GEORGIA.	
Pottsville	par	Bk. of St. Mary's	1½ dis
Relief notes	½ dis	Central Bk. of Mill.	2 dis
NEW JERSEY.		Georgia R R Co.	2 dis
Trenton, M'tHolly, Bridgeton, Salem, Camden, Medford	par	Ruckersville Bkg Co.	—
Plainfield	closed	All solvent banks	1½ dis
Newark, Newtown, Paterson, Morristown, New Brunswick, Middletown Point, Orange, Belvedere, Elizabethtown, Dover, Rahway, Perth Amboy	½ dis	Small notes	2 dis
N Hope, Del Br'ge	90 dis	ALABAMA.	
Yard. Del Br'dge co	10 dis	Bk of Mobile	2 dis
DELAWARE.		Country banks	4 dis
All solvent banks	par	MISSISSIPPI.	
MARYLAND.		All banks	unc
Baltimore banks	½ dis	LOUISIANA.	
Mineral bank	1 dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
Salisbury	uncertain	FLORIDA.	
Frederick county	½ dis	So. Life & Trust Co	—
Cumberland	1 dis	OHIO.	
Washington county	½ dis	Bk of Wooster	80 dis
Hagerstown	½ dis	Com Bk of Sciota	15 dis
Havre-de-Grace	1 dis	All solvent bks.	1½ dis
Far and Mer's bk	no sale	Small notes	2 dis
DIST. OF COLUMBIA		KENTUCKY.	
All solvent banks	½ dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
NEW YORK.		Small notes	2 dis
City banks	½ dis	INDIANA.	
Canal bk., Albany,	15 dis	State bank	1½ dis
Tonawanda	40 dis	Small notes	2 dis
Oswego	20 dis	ILLINOIS.	
Millers', Clyde	15 dis	Bank of Illinois	80 dis
James bank	1 dis	State bank	70 dis
Atlas bank	6a30 dis	Bank of Cairo	—
State bk.—Saugerties	1 dis	MISSOURI.	
Northern Ex bk	½ dis	All solvent bks	1½ dis
Country banks	½ dis	TENNESSEE.	
MAINE.		All solvent bks.	3½ dis
All solvent banks	½ dis	MICHIGAN.	
		Bk of St Clair	no sale
		Farmers' & Mech's	4 dis
		ARKANSAS.	
		All banks	no sale
		WISCONSIN.	
		Mineral Point	—
		Bank of Milwaukie	—
		IOWA.	
		Miners Bank	—

A PALPABLE HIT.

GODEY'S LADY'S BOOK for August is already on our table. The work contains some dozen or more pages than any of its contemporaries. More original matter and more engravings, which we think cannot be surpassed. The Book speaks for itself, and may well defy comparison with any similar publication. One thing we dislike to see in its wonderful rivalry—every new feature that Godey introduces in his popular work, is taken as a pattern by them, which is sufficient evidence for us that they consider his the Model Magazine.—*Pa. Enquirer.*

Single No. 25 cents. One year subscription, with a copy of the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, 1 year, $3.

L. A. GODEY,
113 Chesnut Street.

CAUTION.—The public are cautioned against Charles H. Harrison and Charles Loomis, who are travelling in the Western States obtaining money for various Eastern publications, and pocketing the money without making returns to the publishers. They are impostors, and the press should give the fact general publicity. We make this notice at the request of the publishers of Sartain's Magazine, who have been informed from various quarters of the operations of those scamps.

PETERSON'S MAGAZINE.

AUGUST, 1849.

THE August number of this popular periodical is just out, with fashions in advance of all contemporaries. The embellishments are varied and elegant; and the literary contents unrivalled. No lady ought to be without this magazine, which is furnished at two dollars a year, or one dollar less than any other monthly.

Subscribers, who begin with July, will receive a premium double number, containing the first six chapters of Mrs. Stephens' novel, "Palaces and Prisons." Those who wish back numbers from January, can be supplied, the numbers having been stereotyped. It is necessary always to state when the subscriber wishes to begin.

OPINIONS OF THE PRESS.

It should be a component part of a Lady's centre table.—*Union Principal, Ill.*

Peterson has taken his subscribers by storm with the July number. It is a double number, and a splendid one.—*Lyons News.*

Peterson's Ladies' National Magazine for July is a model number containing seventy two pages and seven embellishments. In addition to contributions from the gifted editress, Mrs. Ann S. Stephens, are several by the most popular writers of the day, and it is a matter of astonishment to us that such a magazine can be afforded at two dollars a year.—*New Jersey Journal.*

Peterson, for July, is on our table. "The Gentle Warning" is one of the best executed mezzotint engravings we have ever seen.—*Scientific American.*

Peterson presents a double number of unusual attractiveness, both in embellishments and literary contributions. Though furnishing his magazine at a less price than his contemporaries he seems disposed to rival them in merit.—*Niagara Democrat.*

Ladies' National Magazine for July is a superb double number, and is filled with the choicest reading. The embellishments are equal to any thing out.—*Maine Cultivator.*

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TWENTY FOUR EXTRA PAGES.

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NUMEROUS AND SUPERB EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. *THE BATH OF BEAUTY.* A splendid line and stipple engraving. The painting by E. T. Parris, the engraving by W. H. Mote.
2. *TAKING THE QUEUE.* A humorous Mezzotinto. Engraved by Henry S. Wagner.
3. *COLORED ENGRAVING OF LADIES' DRESSES FOR ANY SEASON, AND BIRDS.* Engraved by J. I. Pease.
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11. *ILLUSTRATIONS OF ANCIENT FRENCH FASHIONS*—two engravings.
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There is MORE ORIGINAL MATTER published in the Lady's Book (and from eight to twelve more pages of reading monthly) than in any other magazine in America, more engravings, and of a superior kind.

COMPARISON.

Godey published in the January number 72 pages; in February, 84; March, 72; April 72; May, 72; June 72; and July, 84. Total 528 pages.

One of our contemporaries published in January, 64; February, 72; March, 60; April, 60; May, 60; June 60; and July 72. Total, 468.

The other published in January, 80; February, 80; March, 64; April, 64; May, 64; June, 64; and July, 64. Total, 480.

It will be seen that the only Magazine that has kept the promise made in the January number, is the LADY'S BOOK, which has published more pages than were promised. Both the others have fallen off, as will be seen by the above table. The public will now see upon whose promises they can place dependence. It will also be seen, by the above, which work publishes the most original matter. As we give eight pages more than the Magazine which cries out most loudly about original matter, four of which are devoted to gems from authors whose works do not generally appear in periodicals, it follows that we give four more pages of original matter, monthly, than it does—or, in other words, we give sixty eight pages of original matter and four selected; it gives but sixty-four pages in all. In seven months, we have published sixty pages more than one contemporary, and forty-eight more than another—equivalent, to our subscribers, to one more monthly number. The subscribers to the Lady's Book have received in seven months, what subscribers to the other Magazines will receive in eight. If you add to this the Lady's Dollar Newspaper, which $3 subscribers receive, it will amount at least to fifty more pages of reading, monthly, that Lady's Book subscribers receive over those to any other publication. Our plates speak for themselves, both in number and quality.

THE WOODEN BLOCK CONTROVERSY.

We this month publish one of the wooden blocks, miscalled, by one of our cotemporaries, Fashion Plates. We also give, in this number, a colored engraving of ladies' dresses, suitable for any month in the year. We respectfully ask our lady subscribers which they prefer? Will they please let us know by letter? We shall be well pleased if they prefer the wooden blocks, as it will be a great saving to us. We appeal also, to the voice of the press, which is the voice of the people.

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mar10-tf GEORGE B. DEACON.

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☞ Editors copying the above, or who will give a fair notice of the paper, and insert our list of terms, in their editorial columns, shall be entitled to an exchange. Such as are already entitled to an exchange for the current year, shall receive our thanks.

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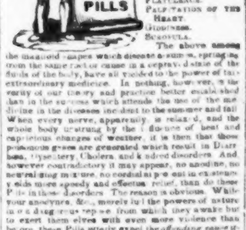

Sick Headache.
Costiveness.
Dyspepsia.
Liver Complaint.
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Diarrhœa.
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Chills and Fever.
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Erysipelas.
Flatulence.
Palpitation of the Heart.
Giddiness.
Scrofula.

The above among the manifold shapes which disease assumes, springing from the same root or cause in a depraved state of the fluids of the body, have all yielded to the power of this extraordinary medicine. In nothing, however, is the verity of our theory and practice better established than in the success which attends the use of the medicine in the diseases incident to the summer and fall. When every nerve, apparently, is relaxed, and the whole body unstrung by the influence of heat and capricious changes of weather, it is then that those poisonous gases are generated which result in Diarrhœa, Dysentery, Cholera and kindred disorders. And, however contradictory it may appear, no anodyne, no neutralizing mixture, no cordial or opiate in existence, will more speedy and effectual relief, than do these Pills in these disorders. The reason is obvious. While your anodynes, &c., merely lull the powers of nature into a dangerous repose from which they awake but to exert themselves with even more violence than before, these Pills utterly expel the offending cause itself, and thus make effectual the work they undertake to perform. The reason may be seen in a remarkable manner in another light. A too rapid motion of the vital organs is equally unnatural as a too slow motion. The one comes from a too great flow of bile, which is deficient in the latter case. Now, whether to correct the one or to remove the other, the use of this medicine is of equal service. The object to be gained in both is to restore the equilibrium of the system. We could establish our position by a host of certificates, but this we deem unnecessary.

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TO THE PUBLIC.

Numerous statements have recently been going the rounds, in relation to cures and preventatives of ASIATIC CHOLERA. These remedies are so opposite in character and so impotent in medicinal effects upon the human subject, that it is astonishing that men of intelligence and discrimination should for one moment give them a passing thought. How physicians can be so duped is a wonder, unless, like drowning men, floundering amid the confusion of their own systems, and daily witnessing the impotency of their own remedies, they catch at straws. In 1845, I submitted a proposition to the Hon. Geo. Sykes, member of Congress from New Jersey, and requested him to lay my views before the proper tribunal at Washington, stating that I had discovered a remedy for DIARRHŒA, DYSENTERY, CHOLERA MORBUS, CHOLERA INFANTUM, CHOLIC, &c., and believed that it would, among our troops then in Mexico, and dying daily, it would cure three-fourths. I said, that so soon as it was fairly proven, that if it did not prevent and cure three-fourths of the cases if administered according to my directions, (and those directions should not interfere with the discipline of the troops,) I asked no compensation, and I would furnish from one to five hundred dollars' worth. The proposition, as a natural consequence, was laid under the table. Desirous of testing the powers of the remedy in that country, I placed a box of it in the care of Capt. Wilcox, with a letter explanatory of my desire, &c. The subjoined sufficiently establishes my belief. I also go further, and conscientiously believe that it will cure and prevent the ASIATIC CHOLERA. I stand prepared to prove, by practical demonstration, that I can cure nine-tenths of all cases of that disease, and if the public authorities will afford me an opportunity, I will satisfy every one that this belief is founded on fact. This much I know, as a remedy for derangements of the stomach and bowels, as during the summer months, there is no difference between ASIATIC CHOLERA and CHOLERA MORBUS, except that the former exists more extensively and consequently more virulent, whereas, the other does not. ☞ To all who are not able to purchase, the remedy will be charitably given. But to the letter:

Philadelphia, June 1st, 1849.

Dr. J. N. Keeler—Sir: I received your note this morning, asking for information as to the distribution I made of the package of Cordial you put into my possession while in command of the United States transport during the Mexican war. According to your direction, a part was distributed in Vera Cruz, the other I kept for the use of my seamen and others on board, believing I should have use for it as I had frequently on board from one to three hundred persons, and on leaving Mexico many would be on the sick list. Such was the fact, Dysentery and Diarrhœa extensively prevailed. I used the Cordial freely, and not in a single instance do I recollect of its having failed to completely cure. My own crew would often be attacked with Diarrhœa and Dysentery, peculiar to nearly all after getting on shore and eating fruit and vegetables. In all such cases, the Cordial failed not to cure speedily.

When in New Orleans, a friend informed me of a Philadelphia gentleman (R. Churchman, Esq.) who was sick with the Dysentery and despaired of by his doctor. I mentioned having a bottle or so of your Cordial; he sent it to him, and in a few days I had the pleasure of seeing him on 'change, and well. I can give many instances of the kind, and assure you the efficacy of your Cordial if necessary. I have given it to one ship master of this port, Capt. Whipple, ship Wonconsin (?) and he informed me he would not be without it, and from my own opinion of it, I think it the safest and best medicine I have ever used, or have known to be used in affections of the stomach and bowels. I remain yours, respectfully,

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☞ Price 25 cents per bottle. jn30-3m

THE LEADING PERIODICAL IN AMERICA!

GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

NEW VOLUME—JULY, 1849.

G. R. GRAHAM, J. R. CHANDLER, J. B. TAYLOR, EDITORS.

THE vast increase of our last volume has totally exhausted our supply of numbers, and we propose to commence a volume of unrivalled splendor with the July number.

Our distinguished artist, W. E. Tucker, Esq., has been sent by us to Europe, to secure, with the aid of American art is abroad, a succession of most Splendid Illustrations, and thus, with the aid of our home force, we shall present every novelty as it arises from to our readers.

COLORED PLATES, OF GREAT BEAUTY,

will be furnished to our readers besides the usual elegant steel and mezzotint engravings which we monthly present to them. We shall commence the first with a series of plates of Colored Wild and Cage Birds of rare beauty, designs for these are now in the hands of our artists.

Our July number will contain the commencement of a POWERFUL NOVEL, from the pen of H. W. Herbert, Esq., entitled "Jasper St. Aubyn, or the Power of Passion"—the very best story we have read for a year past. It will also contain an admirable mezzotint likeness of the late distinguished GEN. KEARNEY, being a continuation of our Portraits of American Heroes—a feature peculiar to this Magazine, which devotes its efforts to the glory and success of American Men, American Literature and American Art, thus making it a truly National Work in every respect. These are some of our arrangements for the future—the rest we reserve from the knowledge of our imitators.

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☞ For the convenience of those desiring to form Clubs in connection with other Publications, we will send

One copy of the Magazine and One copy of the Saturday Evening Post for FOUR DOLLARS.

One of the Magazine, and Two of the Post for FIVE DOLLARS.

Three copies of the Magazine, and Four of the Post for TEN DOLLARS.

Four copies of the Magazine, and Two of the Post for TEN DOLLARS.

Six copies of the Magazine, and Nine of the Post for TWENTY DOLLARS.

A PREMIUM OFFER.

The Post Office of any town in the Union, from which we shall receive the greatest number of subscribers to "Graham's Magazine," during the year between the 1st of December, 1848, and the 1st of December, 1849, (the Magazine to be mailed to such Post Office, or to subscribers through it,) shall be entitled to a continuance of the whole number of the subscriptions gratuitously, for one year after the expiration of the year for which their subscriptions shall have been paid.

The Magazine will be continued on, either to the subscribers themselves or to the agent through whom we may receive the orders for quantities, and to whom the packages or packages may be directed, or to both, if there should be both in the same town, as the case may be.

☞ Postage on all letters to be prepaid. Address SAMUEL D. PATTERSON & CO.,
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Selected Poetry.

FROM THE HOME JOURNAL.

THE POET'S DECLARATION.

BY SINGING SYBIL.

Twilight shadows gathering round me,
Firelight flickering on the wall,
With their waving drapery bound me,
Round me and the quaint old hall—
Quaint old hall where I sat dreaming
Idly in an antique chair,
Watching the fitful firelight rare?
Spiritual visitors sought and found me
Musing 'mid the drapery there.

Every time that the shadows shifted,
Then would the drapery rise and fall—
Gliding in when the curtain lifted,
Visions came at my fanciful call—
Faint, fair visions, wonderful spirits,
Came and looked into my eyes
Too calm to waken a soft surprise—
Silent their steps as the light that rifted
The dim, sweet gloom that around them lies.

Was I afraid, when my tinkling fancies
Called these forms to my grand old chair?
Ah, no! eager for quaint romances,
Awe and terror forgotten were.
Sitting calm as a stately Emperor,
After the silvery summons rung,
Waited I till the visitants sprung
With steps like those when a star-beam dances
Through, where the lifted drapery hung.

Faint, faint forms, and sweet, sweet faces,
Hovered about in the dreamy light,
Dimly embodying eloquent graces,
Floating tresses and mantles bright.
And I will tell you—love will you listen?—
Of one visitant dear and fair
That came glidingly to my chair—
Hers was the purest of all pure faces,
Wild and dark was her unbound hair.

Rare young vision! that dark hair flowing
Waved on the air like the wing of a bird—
Sweet was her cheek with its crimson glowing—
Sweet was her lip with its one wild word—
One wild word that she murmured over—
One low, clear, continued word,
Like a dropping stream through shadows heard,
Over her lip in music flowing!—
"Love," dear, "love," was the whispered word.

Closer and closer her white robe fluttered
Through the dim drapery the twilight made—
Softer and lower the word that she uttered,
Over my forehead her faint breath played!
Her faint breath played, and her slender fingers
Lifted aside my careless hair
With a touch as soft as a touch of air;
And she kissed my brow, as I wondering muttered,
"Love?" aye, "love," answered young lips rare.

One white arm, with a way caressing,
Lay like a wreath around my hair;
Close to mine was her warm cheek pressing,
Close in mine lay her fingers fair.
The hours went by, and the firelight flickered,
Yet the sweet dream still breathed on me
Till my soul was flooded with ecstacy;
And her voice was soft as an angel's blessing!—
All winter I wondered what this might be.

But, ah! sweet spring! one eve reclining
'Mid crimson flowers and fragrant air,
The wonder ceased!—before me shining,
I saw that face and fluttering hair;
My heart throbbed up with wild emotion,
And her cheek flushed a deeper hue,
Till she looked so like—so like—like you!
For the word she murmured I'm weary pining—
Dearest, now, may the dream come true?

A Leaf from History.

THE PHILOSOPHY OF ROUSSEAU.

(CONCLUDED FROM OUR LAST.)

[From Lewes' "Life of Robespierre," recently published by Carey & Hart, we take the following chapter descriptive of that philosophy which did much to produce the French Revolution.]

The Academy of Dijon having gained celebrity by its foolish programme, grew bolder, and proposed this momentous question: *What is the origin of the inequality among men, and is it sanctioned by the law of nature?* Rousseau's famous *Discours* did not obtain the prize; but it created a greater sensation than any prize essay ever written. It is the paradox of the first *Discours*, but more seriously meditated, more powerfully stated. It is less of a caprice, and more of a conviction. It is a sombre, vehement protest against civilization; a protest in favor of the poor against the rich, of the oppressed and degraded Many against the polished vicious Few. This very seriousness, I suppose, prevented the prize being awarded to the *Discours*. Certain it is, that it alarmed the ingenious, frivolous society of France, and that its full success was not obtained till some years later, when the times had grown more serious.

"*L'homme qui médite est un animal dépravé.*"—(The man who thinks is a depraved animal.) That is the keystone of the arch; and it is nothing more than the aphoristic formula of his first *Discours*. He admits that inequalities, physical as well as mental, exist, but these inequalities he attributes to the corrosive influence of civilization, with its luxuries, its subtleties, and its vices. In a state of nature, men's bodies being equally exercised, become equally vigorous, and the healthy body forms the healthy mind. He paints in glowing colors the ideal state of savage life, when men without language, except a few expressive sounds such as animals employ to articulate their wants, wandering amidst boundless forests, chasing their game, reposing under trees, unperverted by the illimitable desires and unsatisfied passions of civilized men, knowing none of the subtleties of affection, taking a wife to satisfy a passing desire, and heedless of his offspring; brave, simple, truthful, and free.

Not with blinded eyesight poring over miserable books!

This is what man was; and what he is, you are called upon to compare with that primeval state.

So far it is only another statement of his former idea; but as he proceeds, the dangerous consequences, rigorously deduced from it, appear. Men were born equal. Equal in health, in strength, in virtue, in property. The earth belonged to all, and to none. Society began with the spoliation of the many, in favor of the few: it, and its laws, are the consecration of that spoliation.

"The first man who, having enclosed a piece of land, took it into his head to say, '*This is mine*,' and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society. What crimes, what battles, what murders, and what horrible miseries, would he have spared the human race, who should have torn down the fence and exclaimed, '*Beware how you listen to this impostor; you're lost if you forget that the fruits belong to all, and the earth to no one!*'"*

This bold attack upon the very nature of property so startled the age, that even Voltaire called it the philosophy of a blackguard who counselled the poor to plunder the rich. It was passing beyond the limits of permissible paradox, and was becoming alarming. Rousseau was serious. He met the objection naturally made, that a man, having built a wall by his own labor, was entitled to its benefit, by asking, "Who gave you the right to build it? How can you pretend to be repaid for a labor we, the masses, never imposed upon you? The unanimous consent of the whole human race was necessary before you could appropriate from the common funds more than was necessary for your own subsistence. You are rich! but we suffer. Your wealth is our poverty. In vain you appeal to laws. What are laws but the adroit selfishness of men who framed maxims for the preservation of their possessions? Property is a spoliation; laws may secure, but they cannot justify it."

This is no longer a mere audacious paradox; it is an unhappy error. It is not a caprice of speculative ingenuity; it is a vigorously deduced conclusion. It has not only logical consistency, but is strengthened by popular feeling. It is a doctrine which will fructify in Revolutions! To those who are in misery and want, it comes like a revelation of truth, responding to their sense of social injustice. To those who roll in wealth it comes like a spectre, to scare them from their possessions: a spectre *they* cannot exorcise. It is a doctrine, it is a conviction, and is backed by millions, strong by a sense of injustice! Attempt not to answer it with phrases about "sacred rights of property," "security of order," "well-being of the state," and so forth; it tells you plainly that these rights are accursed, and that this well-being of a state is the pampered indulgence of a few, wrung from the sufferings of millions!

That bold idea once thrown upon the world, the world "will not willingly let die." France suffered from it. We in our wealthy England also suffer from it. In thousands of heads and hearts it works, forming the basis of a political gospel. Those who most revolt against it, find it difficult to answer. It never will be answered so long as social science continues in the hands of metaphysicians. Happily their reign is drawing to a close!

In a former work, after due recognition of the services which metaphysical speculation has afforded to the development of opinion, I have endeavored to show the incompetence of Metaphysics to solve its own problems, and have historically exhibited the gradual decline it has undergone, till it has now almost universally fallen into discredit. But the metaphysical *method* still remains. It still lingers on the outskirts of the sciences; while in the sciences of man and of society it is almost the universal method. That method may be characterized in a sentence: it is the method whereby, instead of *examining the thing before us* to find out its properties, we studiously examine *the idea of that thing as it exists in our own minds*.

In the sciences another method is pursued. A man wishing to know the structure and organic processes of plants, examines plants, and not his idea of a plant; but wishing to know the nature of mind, he is not content, as in the former instance, with the observation of phenomena, and from that observation deducing the laws which regulate them, but must, forsooth, despise that as "materialism," and straightway occupy himself with the "idea."

In Rousseau we see this vicious method leading to vicious consequences. Instead of examining society as a natural growth—as the sum total of man's nature, developed through an infinite variety of circumstances—he straightway eliminates all the phenomena before him, and reduces society to its abstract idea; arriving at a period when society was *not*, he there discovers certain metaphysical Rights and Conventions; and these he proclaims to be the eternal principles of things; these he proclaims to be the great truths upon which social science must be based. As well might the botanist disregard all present phenomena, and, eliminating the various influences of air, earth, and water, arrive at the abstract idea of a flower, and tell us that is the flower!

When Charles Bonnet objected to Rousseau's system, that society was the natural product of man's faculties, the inevitable result of his constitution, Rousseau replied, "Yes, in the same way as old age and decrepitude are natural to man, the inevitable results of his constitution; and arts, laws, and governments are as necessary to people as crutches to old men. All the difference is, that old age results naturally and solely from the human constitution; whereas society is not immediately derived from man's faculties, but also from certain external circumstances." Neither Rousseau, nor his adversaries, saw that he was stepping out of the question, and that his political philosophy was constructed on a radically false basis.

But this metaphysical method was in high favor at that period; and Rousseau's success is owing as much to it as to his eloquence. It has been well said of him, "*il a plus de logique que de raison*;"—(he has more logic than wisdom;) which is an epigrammatic way of saying, that he reasoned closely upon loose premises—a true description of a metaphysician, and—will the reader pardon the *rapprochement*?—has often been given as the definition of a madman.

At last he produced "Le Contrat Social" (1762), and this as the consummation of his metaphysical speculation, became the text-book of the Revolution. Here all trace of paradox has disappeared, and he seems thoroughly in earnest. In proof of this earnestness let not the important modification of his two leading ideas be forgotten. He no longer regards society as necessarily corrupt, nor, indeed, as inferior to a savage life. In the chapter *De l'Etat civil*, he says, the passage from savage to civilized life produces a remarkable change in the substitution of justice to instinct, and giving to man's actions a morality they wanted before. And he concludes by a panegyric on intelligence, as developed by civilization, adding, that if abuses did not sometimes degrade him lower than his primitive condition, man ought incessantly to bless the happy occasion, that of an animal of dull and limited capacities, made an intelligent being and a man. Here he has come round to the opinion of Lucretius, whose picture of savage life he formerly borrowed, omitting the important reserves which that great poet made—such for instance as—

Et fructices inter condebant squalida membra,
Verbera ventorum vitare imbresque coacti.
*Nec commune bonum poterant spectare, nec ullis
Moribus inter se scibant, nec legibus uti.*

Equally important is his modification of the theory of property. It is no longer a spoliation, but the right of the first occupant, and to this right he annexes three conditions,—1st. That the land be not already occupied; 2d. That a man occupies only so much as is necessary for his subsistence; 3d. That possession be taken, not by an idle ceremony, but by labor and cultivation—the only signs of proprietorship, which, in default of legal titles, ought to be respected.

With regard to the fundamental idea of this work, viz. that *society* is a contract by which the members consent to abide—a contract made by all for the good of all—it is the most powerful revolutionary dogma ever put forward. It has the great merits of distinctness, and apparent certainty. Capable of being understood by the most ignorant, it seems to carry with it the irresistible force of an axiom. It is a striking example of the metaphysical method employed in politics. Let us examine it.

That society exists by the consent of its members is so far true, that if all men *chose* to separate from their fellows, and live like birds and beasts of prey, they certainly *could* do so. In this sense there is a sort of tacit contract which forms the basis of society. But I need scarcely say, that, in point of fact, this contract is altogether illusory; no one's consent was *ever asked or given*. The contract is not a *reality*, but an hypothesis. As M. de Barante appositely remarks, "C'est ainsi qu'en géométrie on dit qu'un solide est engendré par le mouvement d'un plan." He adds, "The definition is geometrically correct, but it has no relation whatever to the conditions of the existence of a solid body. The geometrician is enabled to imagine it; but its existence is altogether independent of his definition. In the same way society is, in the abstract, the result of the consent of all its members; in reality it results from the fact of many men congregating in one portion of the earth, settling there, having children, a government, and certain customs. No geometrician ever attempted to create a solid in accordance with the terms of his definition; but it is possible to inspire men with the idea of being able to break or to renew a social contract; and with this idea empires are overturned."

To show the absurdity of this hypothesis of a social contract, we have only to refer to a despotism. In a despotic country, society exists only by the same tacit consent of its members; since if they chose to withdraw their consent, and revolt, the despotism must cease. But to draw from such a premise the conclusion, that *despotism was a social contract made by all for the good of all*, however it might satisfy a Hobbes, would scarcely be accepted by any one else. The truth is, men are very much like sheep: gregarious by nature, willing to follow any leader, to obey any one bold enough to assume the command; their consent is never asked—they are ordered, and obey. Force has always been King. Mights have been rights.

If we throw aside this abstract and metaphysical method of inquiry, and follow the march of history, we shall see at once, that so far from there having been a social contract (in which each individual member consented to forego certain privileges for the security of the whole fabric of society), this recognition of every individual member and his rights has been a growing tendency—the great development of the law of progress—the greatest fact in history. Whether we date the origin of society from a family, or from the aggregation of tribes, in each case we see a few leading men, and a mass of obedient followers dependent on their captains. In the ancient Republics it was only the few who were free, who were real participators in the legislation. Athens and Sparta were but aristocracies. It appeared necessary to the wisest of the Greeks that the masses should blindly obey the behests of the few. Slaves were *necessary* to society. They are weak and ignorant, and therefore are they slaves. The strong *deserved* the power, and took it. Might was right. So clearly did Aristotle see this, that he finely says, he is a slave who can belong to another.

Slavery itself, horrible as it may appear, was a step in advance towards civilization. Instead of slaughtering their captives, victorious tribes converted them to use: they made their captives slaves. Servage succeeded slavery. Servage became abolished. The growing necessities of the times, and the widening of social views, gradually enfranchised serfs, and proclaimed at last the Rights of Man. Before the eighteenth century, although the rights of every individual member of the state were not formally *denied*, they were not distinctly recognized. Even now in our nineteenth century they are only distinctly recognized by the democratic party.

To talk of a social contract in face of an historical survey is preposterous. The time *will* come when society will be a contract; when government will be made by all for the good of all; but Rousseau should have placed his ideal in the future, instead of in the past. It was thus Plato framed his "Utopia," though he looked back upon a golden age when society was perfect. But his golden age was not an age of ignorance; it was the age when men were ruled by superior beings, by guardian demons, by intelligences. The ideal of all politicians is to restore this age, which can be done in some degree, by the creation of just laws, which, emanating from the universal reason of mankind, will take the place of those departed guardians.

Whatever may be the value of Rousseau's doctrine as a philosophical solution of the great problem, its potency as a revolutionary instrument, and its fitness for the age which produced it, are incontestable.

It was a political transformation of the dogma of man's fall; and made civilization the instrument of degeneration. By this it led to the conviction of the necessity for an entire renovation of society. Civilization, it is said, tends to an increased development of the inequality of mankind. But men are born equal; and they should preserve their birthright by resisting that pernicious tendency.

Absolute equality—the most disorganizing of all doctrines—was proclaimed as the basis of the new scheme of society. We must do Rousseau the justice to say, that he did not warrant all the extravagances of this doctrine. On the contrary, he sometimes speaks with great moderation, as in this passage:—

"By equality, we must *not understand that the degree of power and wealth are to be absolutely the same*; but that power should be purified from all violence, and should be exercised only in strict accordance with the laws; and that in wealth no citizen should be rich enough to purchase another citizen, nor *poor* enough to be forced to sell himself. If you wish to make the State durable, you must neither allow opulence nor want."*

Before closing this chapter let me not omit to mention Rousseau's religious fervor, as another trait he has in common with his disciple Robespierre. Amidst the almost universal skepticism of the epoch, Rousseau's religious convictions were eloquent, though heterodox. He had not only religious belief, he had religious intolerance; and in his "Contrat Social" he lays it down as an axiom, that a legislator may banish from the State any one who refuses to accept the religion of the State; and that any one accepting the religion of the State, and acting as if he did not believe in its dogmas, should *be put to death!* for he has committed the greatest of crimes, he has lied in the face of Law.

We now know the doctrine which Robespierre accepted—we know the ideal which he held before his aspirations.

* From this we see that Proudhon's definition of property being theft, is only an energetic expression of Rousseau's idea. But what an uproar it created the other day!

* Contrat Social, liv. ii, c. xi. Plato lays down a similar rule in the 4th Book of his Republic.

Wit and Humor.

ACTING A WAX FIGURE.

Mr. Powers, the sculptor, has written a letter which appears in the papers, addressed to a gentleman of Cincinnati, setting an old story on its own legs, which, it seems, was getting to be quite abroad. Some years ago, it appears, Henderson the actor was desirous to personate a character or two in the Western Museum, for which Powers was working wax figures. As a half concession to the request, the artist exhibited the actor in his studio as an unfinished representation of "Henderson, the actor, in the character of Sir Francis Gripe." The sequel is best told by Powers himself.

"On entering, the figure was seen standing in a corner of the room, with the head leaning against an old coat, folded in such a manner as to afford a back ground, and thus prevent unsteadiness, which might lead to detection. A white wig, made of horse hair, decorated the head. The face was daubed with ochre, vermillion, and lamp-black; the features were much distorted—so much so that had my reputation as an artist depended upon their resemblance to the *original*, I might have feared for the result of the examination about to take place. The visitor, however, seemed disposed to flatter me, and grateful for the permission to see an unfinished work, assured me that I had been very successful in the likeness. He thought, indeed, that I had improved upon the original. I begged him to suggest any improvement that might occur to him. He replied: 'Perhaps you might modify that peculiar cock of the eye a little; and, if I were you, I would give him a better leg, instead of those spindle-shanks of his.' This last remark occasioned a decided change in the expression of the wax figure, for Henderson thought a good deal of his legs. This change, however, was not observed by the visitor, who still regarded the legs; but I had great difficulty in controlling my own countenance, so ludicrous was the scene. The *wax face* had now recovered its proper expression, when our visitor took up the lamp, and, against my dissuasive remarks that the effect was best at a distance—that the thing was not yet finished, and consequently would not bear close inspection—he walked directly up to the figure, and stood within a foot of it, face to face. It was evident that no trick was even suspected, as he held the lamp now above, now to one side, and then below, &c., &c., the better to examine the work. The actor's eyes had now been kept so long open *without winking*, that moisture was beginning to collect in the corners, observing which, our critic exclaimed, 'Marvellous! Marvellous!! How in the world did you contrive to make those tears? Did you use gum arabic or Copal varnish?' At this, the friend who stood at my side could retrain no longer, but laughed outright. I was obliged to laugh also, but the actor still maintained the ludicrous gravity of his countenance. The critic appeared confused for a moment, staring at us inquiringly; but he soon became aware that a trick had been played upon him, and, turning suddenly upon the *wax figure*, he seized it by the nose, and the tweak he gave it would have proved fatal to the symmetry of a waxen proboscis. As it was, however, it did no damage to that organ, but it brought some additional moisture to Henderson's eyes, and an exclamation from his mouth of 'd—n it, don't! You forget that my nose is made of *wax*.' Others were introduced after this to see the wax figure, but I shall not attempt to describe any more of these interviews."

Anecdote of Dr. Johnson.—When Dr. Percy first published his collection of ancient English ballads, perhaps he was too lavish in commendation of the beautiful simplicity and poetic merit he supposed himself to discover in them. This circumstance provoked Johnson to observe one evening, at Miss Renold's tea table, that he could rhyme as well, and as elegantly, in common narrative and conversation. For instance, says he,

As with my hat upon my head
I walked along the Strand,
I there did meet another man
With his hat in his hand.

Or, to render such poetry subservient to my own immediate use,

I therefore pray thee, Jenny dear,
That thou wilt give to me,
With cream and sugar softened well,
Another dish of tea.

Nor fear that I, my gentle maid,
Shall long detain the cup,
When once unto the bottom I
Have drunk the liquor up.

Yet hear, alas! this mournful truth,
Nor hear it with a frown;—
Thou canst not make the tea so fast
As I can gulp it down.

And thus he proceeded through several more stanzas, till the reverend critic cried out for quarter.

Western Peculiarities.—Somebody says, that out west they fight with clubs as big as a dog's body. Some throw stones as big as a pail of milk. One chap out in that region laughs so loud that it loosens his teeth, and on one occasion shook off one of his ears. As for the girls, they are amazing sweet. A man travelling through that region on horseback, declares that the wind came to him so laden with fragrance, that he thought he was near a garden of roses. He discovered it was only a bevy of girls going through the woods.

A Yankee Answer.—A wager was laid, that it was a Yankee peculiarity, to answer one question by asking another. To sustain the assertion, a down-easter was interrogated.

"I want you," said the better, "to give me a straight forward answer to a plain question."

"I kin du it, mister," said the Yankee.

"Then, why is it New Englanders always answer a question by answering one in return?"

"*Du they?*" was Jonathan's reply.

Wellerisms.—"I shall leave soon," as the oak said to the pine in the spring. "You'll be green if you do," was the reply.

"Getting my name up," as the man said, when raising his sign.

"Mineral medicine made palatable by sweet," as the grocer said when he sanded the sugar.

"I'll draw you a sample of oil," as the swordfish said to the whale, when he pierced him.—*Boston Rambler.*

Oh!—Some wag of the press, speaking of the grievous disappointment which the Californians must feel when Mrs. Farnham arrives with her troops, "lets on" thus:

"Oh! won't the Californians make a muss
When they behold poor Mrs. Farnham,
And cry aloud, 'Why have you served us thus?
Where are your ladies, darn 'em?'"

Fair Retort.—At a hotel, a short time since, a girl inquired of a gentleman at the table if his cup was out. "No," said he, "but my coffee is." The poor girl was considerably confused, but determined to pay him in his own coin. While at dinner, the stage drove up, and several coming in, the gentleman asked, "Does the stage dine here?" "No, sir," exclaimed the girl, in a sarcastic tone, "but the passengers do."

Tales for the Times.

TWO TALES OF THE CHOLERA.

[A correspondent of Ainsworth's Magazine relates the following incident as having fallen under his own observation. It possesses particular interest at this time, as showing the importance of a quiet mind, and the absence of all excitement, during the prevalence of the disease which is now amongst us:]

At the time of a former visitation of cholera to these shores, our regiment (the —th) was quartered at M——, one of the places visited with the utmost severity by the formidable disease. We had lost very few men, and not an officer had been attacked, when one evening, after mess, the conversation turned upon the nature and dangers of the pestilence, at that time believed by many to be contagious. Our surgeon had just returned from a harrassing course of duties, which had detained him from mess until long after the hour of dinner, and he was recounting to us, during the interval of his hurried repast, various anecdotes of the cases he had just quitted.

He had been with one of the resident physicians into the quarter chiefly inhabited by the poor weavers connected with the manufactories of M——, and his accounts of the sufferings of these poor creatures, of the misery they endured—misery always keen, and doubly aggravated under present circumstances—was truly heart-rending.

"Ah," he said, "what is most unfortunate is that these poor people are so terrified, I believe half of them die of fright. In many instances they flee from the house containing their dying friend or relative. They refuse to assist in bearing the body to the grave, and literally kill themselves by the nervous state of agitation to which they excite themselves and each other."

"How foolish that is!" exclaimed Percy, a young officer who had but lately joined—a fine young fellow, handsome and gallant: "how foolish that is! I cannot see what there is to fear in the neighborhood of the disease. Depend upon it, we are as safe with the cholera raging around us as though it were still shut up in the marshes of Asia. We may die of the cholera it is true, but that will be because such is our fate, not because we happen to be near some half-dozen others who die of cholera."

"It is astonishing, Percy," answered the surgeon, "how great is the influence of mind over body. I believe I could *talk* any man into conviction that he had the cholera, and probably talk him to death if I persisted in agitating him."

Percy laughed aloud.

"My dear fellow," he said, "you may talk your self dumb to me: you will never persuade me into any complaint whatever."

"You are too rash, Percy," interposed the major, a stern old veteran of some fifty years—Barton by name—"you are too rash, Percy; you little know the power of nervous impression, or rather you affect to despise what you really feel. I can see you now shrink from close contact with Doctor M., because you know he has been all day with cholera patients."

Percy reddened at this accusation, and springing to his feet, placed himself close to the doctor.

"Indeed, you mistake," he exclaimed; "I have no fear of the kind."

"Oh! don't think it necessary to conceal it," continued Barton, laughing as he spoke; "older and wiser men than you, Percy—older and wiser and as brave—have shaken in their shoes at the approach of the cholera."

"But I am not shaking in mine," retorted Percy, reddening still more: "what can make you think so? I tell you I have no fear of contagion, none whatever. I do not believe the disease is contagious. I should not mind," he continued, striking the table vehemently as he spoke—"I should not mind sleeping in a bed wherein a cholera patient had died within a few hours."

"Well," laughed Barton, with his low, peculiar laugh, "it is easy to talk in this way, but you would be sorry if we offered to put you to the proof."

"Indeed I should not be sorry. Put me to the proof, and I will sit up all night in the cholera ward in the hospital. Come, doctor, you are going there now; I will accompany you, and I will remain there, too. I will act as nurse to the worst patient. No one shall say I shrunk from the proof."

"You need not do so much, Percy," answered Barton, again; "do only what you yourself offered to do, sleep in the bed of a cholera victim. Quartermaster Smith died four hours ago, and the bed in which he died is vacant. Come, I can easily procure you a night's lodging therein."

Poor Percy! I saw him turn pale, and he raised a glass of wine to his lips, draining it at a draught; but in a moment his courage returned, and he rose with a smile of gay animation.

"I am ready, Barton, come along. Good night—good night," and he waved his hand hurriedly to the doctor and myself.

I confess I was little pleased at this arrangement, but a look of intelligence which I perceived pass between Barton and the doctor somewhat reassured me, and I rose to accompany Percy to his unenviable resting place. Barton preceded us, and we waited some moments at the door of the quarters of poor Smith, while he parleyed with some one inside. This concluded, we entered, and Percy took possession of his bed-room.

We remained until he had denuded himself of some of his garments, and had actually retired between the sheets of the formidable couch; then we left him, repeating a good night, while Barton sneeringly informed him that he might consider his penance ended at any hour after two in the morning, it being then eleven o'clock.

"It is no penance to me," persisted poor Percy, speaking from a mass of bed-clothes; but Barton drowned the continuation of the sentence in a loud laugh, and closing the door, we finally retreated.

At four in the morning we were awoke by Percy's servant, who had sat up in the same building, although not in the same room with his master. He came to inform us that Percy was dangerously ill of the cholera.

One by one we rushed from our beds, and hurried to the apartment of our comrade. The doctor was already there, applying all the remedies at his command; but Percy was evidently very ill.

For hours every effort was used. We all loved Percy—men as well as officers did their best; but what are human means against the will of Heaven? The paroxysms of pain became less, but he sank into that awful state of collapse, from which it seems, as though scarce a miracle could recover the sufferer.

Perfectly conscious to the last, he took Barton's hand. "It was foolish of me," he gasped; "dear Barton—I forgive you."

"Oh, Percy, Percy," sobbed Barton, "I never shall forgive myself; but believe me when I assure you no one has died in this bed. No one has slept in it lately, except Smith, who is not dead, nor has been ill. It was all a hoax!" and Barton wept aloud.

A gleam passed across the dying face. "All a hoax?" he murmured; "ah!—how weak!" But he could say no more. Already the pulse was quite gone—already the gallant heart had ceased to beat—Percy was dead.

Doctor M—— persists that poor Percy died from fright, and from no other cause—fright, producing cholera. Certainly from that moment we lost not one man—a fact which favors this supposition.

It was also a fact that no one had died in that bed, nor in that quarter of the barracks. Even where cholera contagious, no contagion could possibly have existed in that instance. Barton felt the matter deeply. But he is now at peace. He died a death that might atone for a thousand errors—a glorious death upon the noble field of Sabraon.

[As a set-off to the above, we give the following anecdote, from the New Orleans Delta, in which *fright* operated as a *cure*. We think "Mat Mo gan," was decidedly the more sensible fellow of the two.]

MAT MORGAN,
WHO WAS CURED OF THE CHOLERA BY A FRIGHT.

We have heard of several persons whose fear of the cholera invited its attack. We know of no case, except Mat Morgan, from whom fear banished it. Mat was gardener, groom, and man of all work, to a merchant up town, and an honest fellow he was—and is, for that matter—and most assiduous in the discharge of his multifarious vocations. At early morning he might be heard, as he cultivated his vegetables, singing a "high faluting" song of some twenty-one verses. And then at evening, when he brushed the boss's horse, he might be heard whistling in tones of thrilling pathos, the "Colleen das scruthen amo," or the "Black Bird." Mat was taken suddenly ill on the 21st of last month with cramps in his stomach, and he thought that his whistlings were all over with him.

"Oh! ah! oo!" said he, running into the house of his employer, who happened at the time to be at his office, "oh! ah! oo!" he repeated, clasping his hands over his abdomen.

"Why, what's the matter, Mathew?" said the wife of his employer.

"Oh, murther, madam! I'm kilt entirely. I feel me bowels tumblin in my belly like eels in a barrel! I've got the cholera morbus. Oh! ah! There it is again!"

"Well, then, Mathew," said his mistress, "Sampson has the buggy at the door; get into it, and he will drive you right off to the Charity Hospital, for I am told that the cholera patients have the very best nursing and medical attendance there."

Mat did as she bid him, and he was soon in the Charity Hospital. As soon as he went in, some medicine was administered to him, which alleviated in some measure his pain. He then looked about him, and sooth to say, he did not like the appearance of things in his ward over well. Some poor fellows were writhing in pain, others, prostrated by the disease, were as still as if death had already set his seal on their lips; and others were breathing as men do when life is about to depart from them. Now some poor fellow was carried in, cold and livid—a strongly marked case of the disease—now the porter's bell tolled fitfully, and two men entered and rolling a corpse out of the bed, where it lay, carried it between them down stairs. It was too much for poor Mat, up he bounced from his bed, and thrust himself into his clothes, and in twenty minutes he was back to the house of his employer, whom he found before him.

"Why Mat," said his employer, "I thought you were at the hospital?"

"So I was," said Mat.

"And why did you not remain there?" said his employer. "Surely you are not well yet?"

"Never was better in my life, sir," said Mat. "Be Gor, half an hour in that establishment ought to kill or cure any one!"

"How so?" asked his employer.

"Oh, there's such mortal sights there," said Mat. "I was not well laid in my bed, when I heered the bell; it was not a natural ring ather, but a kind of a growl, like the bark of a speerit that w'd asshume the shape of a dog in a grave yard."

"'What's that?—fire, is it?' says I, to an old fellow that was tyin' a bit of paper with my name on it to the bed post.

"'No, it's the dead bell,' sez he. 'No. 97 is to be taken to the dead house.'

"'What for?' ses I.

"'To be dissected,' sez he.

"'What! like a pork pig,' sez I, 'divided at the joints?'

"'Just so,' says he.

"'And what's that for?' ses I.

"'For the benefit of science,' sez he.

"And sure enough, a couple of fellows came in, and very unceremoniously they rolled 97 into their hand barrow, and carried him off.

"'There it is again,' ses I.

"'What?' sez he.

"'That frightful ould bell,' sez I.

"'Yes,' sez he, 'it's 78's turn.'

"'And does he go to the dead house, too?' sez I.

"'Of course he does,' sez he; 'where else would you have him go?'

"'And d'ye have no wakes here?' sez I.

"'No, nor funerals either,' sez he.

"'Nor no cryin' over the corpse?' sez I.

"'No, that's vulgar,' sez he—'no people do that but the Irish.'

"'Oh, murther!' sez I; 'and ye call this a Christian country; but ye won't catch me dyin' nor livin' here long either, ould boy,' sez I. 'When I die, I want to drop off somehow that they'll bury me decent'; and with that I jumped up, had my clothes on in a jiffy, and here I am, as well cured of the cholera as if I had swallowed an apothecary's shop."

"And what cured you so effectually, Matty," said his employer.

"Well, to tell you the truth," said Mat, "d—l a thing did it but the *fright*."

Pretty Good.—A Judge was reprimanding an attorney for bringing several *small* suits into Court, and remarked that it would have been much better for all parties had he persuaded his clients to leave their causes to the arbitration of two or three honest men. "Please your honor," retorted the lawyer, "we did not choose to trouble honest men with them."

Shrewd Guessing.—"Uncle Joe, what dy'e think my hog will weigh, after he is dressed?"

"Well, I don't know 'xactly, but I *rayther* calculate three, four, five, or six hundred—somewhere along there—no great difference from that any way."

The Moralist.

ON THE PRACTICE OF DUELLING.

We trust that the subjoined Discourse, the fruit of experience and observation, full of practical wisdom, dictated by a sound moral judgment—originating in the very centre of the region in which the practice of Duelling has hitherto prevailed against all the dictates of religion and all the injunctions of law—will not be lost upon any one of our readers in any quarter of the country.

FROM THE LOUISVILLE JOURNAL OF JULY 7.

The Code of Honor.—A recent most melancholy event has turned the attention of many of our citizens to the practice of duelling, and to an examination of the claims which the code of honor has on their respect. All inquiries of the sort conspire to deepen the detestation which a large majority of persons cherish for that code, in which it is difficult to say whether atrocity or absurdity most abounds.

The reasons which are advanced in support of the practice of duelling are, that it represses the common tendency to scandal that exists in every society, and throws a protection around the honor of individuals and families. If these assumptions in favor of duelling were true, we should find those communities in which it is most tolerated most exempt from slander, and disposition of the strong to trespass on the persons of the weak. Is this so? In those sections of the Union where the bloody code numbers most supporters, it is found that the necessity of a resort to the duel seems to increase with every duel that is fought. The liability to a challenge does not afford the protection supposed, otherwise those communities which extend most countenance to duelling would present the fewest provocations to single combat.

There can be nothing said in favor of the absurd practice that is not in itself manifestly absurd. From the injured and innocent party the challenge proceeds, and he thus, by obeying the code of honor, places himself on a level with the one who has injured him, whereas justice requires that punishment shall invariably fall on the perpetrator and not on the recipient of insult and injury. An injured man is, therefore, unjust to himself when he puts himself on a level with him who has injured him.

The sinfulness of Duelling is almost universally confessed. To practice what is sinful is to degrade the moral character. According to the duellist, it is necessary sometimes to blacken one's moral character to remove a shadow from his honor. A strict obedience to the principles of virtue is, therefore, incompatible with the code of honor. Heaven must be offended that a vicious public sentiment may be propitiated.

All the world would be greatly shocked if a high professor of Christianity were to offer or accept a challenge. Such men are expected to live above the level of the duellist, and would be disgraced were they to condescend to select a pistol and ten paces to solve an insult or redress a wrong. Duelling is thus branded as an interior mode of settling difficulties, worthy only of men from whose hearts the spirit of religion has been banished. When Hamilton fell, all men united in condemning him. His life was considered too valuable to be periled on the issue of a single combat. The code is not adapted to either Christians or eminent and patriotic men. Hamilton disgraced himself in the estimation of his countrymen, and the blackest blot on his fame was placed there by his own folly.

The plea put forth by the duellist is, that public opinion requires an injured man to challenge him from whom he has received injury. If public opinion is vicious, it is every one's duty and interest to try to rectify and purify it, rather than to render it more flagrantly wrong by yielding obedience to it. Public opinion in Ireland sixty years ago required a frequent recourse to duelling, and lawyers and politicians were regarded as unqualified for their pursuits until they had been shot at. Public opinion in Brazil justifies the African slave trade, which is so deep a crime as to be punishable with death according to the laws of the most civilized nations of the globe. Public opinion varies in different nations, but truth, right, and justice are the same the world over, and no man can renounce his fealty to those great laws to obey a fluctuating and unestablished public opinion without incurring guilt. Public opinion cannot justify a man in the commission of any crime, in the sacrifice of any principle, in tramping a law of Heaven under foot. A duel is degrading because it assumes that the duellist has no substantial character to fall back on, and must commit a crime to sustain himself.

Your fighting man is a most intolerable pest. Wherever such a fellow is found, he is sure to be almost universally detested, even by those who from fear pretend to like him. He domineers over every company in which he is seen, and an external and hypocritical respect is paid to him which is very thoroughly repudiated by the heart. He is a perfect despot, and his "friends" tremble beneath his frown. He requires continual servility, and the penalty of offending him is an invitation to the field. When he dies, nobody sheds a tear on his grave, and people speak of him as they dared not while he lived.

It is manifestly absurd to assume that a duellist is a man of any nicer sense of honor than others. They who are ever ready to defend their honor, as a general rule have none to defend. They are bankrupt in true honor who say that a duel is necessary to their good standing before the world. A man of truly noble heart and mind, will not condescend to notice a slight which would inflame the demoniacal passions of the professional duellist. Washington was a man of true honor, and, when assailed by envy or malignity, he treated it with silent scorn. His lofty soul, his sterling magnanimity, induced him, on those very few occasions in which he gave offence to others, to offer them suitable apologies.

Are duellists more respected than other people or are they happier or nobler in nature? Perhaps one man in a hundred has a sort of vague admiration and dread of them, while the other ninety-nine detest them and shun them as they would treacherous hyenas. A man who is always on the look-out for insults, and ready to resent them, has a morbid sensibility, and never fails to receive the slights, injuries and insults he expects. He who is most ready to fight has the most frequent occasions to defend himself, whereas a peaceable man glides through life without encountering insult.

The enormity, absurdity and sinfulness of the bloody code are confessed by many persons who hold themselves ready to fulfil all its requisitions. It is the fear of public opinion, the apprehension of the "world's dread laugh," that impels them to the field. They desire neither to kill nor be killed but prefer the peril of the field to the ridicule of society. Let a man have the courage to refuse a challenge, and hold himself in readiness to make suitable acknowledgments of any wrong he may have done, and the community will applaud him far more than they would if he were to accept the challenge and fight, either with or without bloody results. If the other party is so unreasonable as to be unwilling to adjust the difficulty, the public will condemn him, and if he resolve to act the part of an assassin, and should kill or maim his antagonist, he will be universally detested. A quick temper may often hurry a person into wrong, for which true magnanimity requires that he shall make expiation by an apology. If he has that kind of false pride that would restrain him from making an apology, he deserves and will certainly fall below the contempt of the public. A wrong once committed can be expiated only by penitence and restitution. They who do wrong to others and persist in *it*, will soon find themselves friendless and loaded with a crushing weight of public scorn.

Some injuries cannot be atoned for, and these, it is thought, require the duel. It is better to shoot a scoundrel down in the street, as one would a mad dog, than to meet him as an equal in the field, where he may do still further wrong by killing one that he has already deeply injured.

When gentlemen have a falling out, their difficulty ought to be arbitrated, or they ought to sever their acquaintance with each other as an inconvenience. Such individuals always have circles of friends whose happiness is to be considered before a duel can be entered on. It is far less dishonorable to put up with some petty injury than to break a mother's, or a sister's, or a wife's heart.

However small the number of consistent, practicable Christians may be, there are few who do not respect the great truths of immortality and retribution. All such believe that death in a duel is displeasing in the sight of Heaven; and yet there are thousands who prefer to offend Heaven rather than to encounter a depraved public sentiment. He is a rash man who, believing in the doctrines generally maintained among Christians, can resort to the code of honor, for he silences the voice of his own conscience, and defies the last dread retribution to which souls are subject. A man may be as brave as a lion, and yet shrink from the peril of a duel with a shivering nerve, simply because he has not the power of facing an offended God.

BEING ALWAYS PREPARED.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

A friend of ours relates, that in the interior of this State there is a venerable Quaker Preacher, (of no great celebrity as a speaker, but a highly worthy man,) who was never known to joke *but once*. It is not possible to put in print his slow, quaint pronunciation—but the substance of the anecdote is as follows:

One day he stopped at the door of a workshop in the neighborhood of his residence, and, remaining seated on his quiet old horse, entered into conversation with the young workmen. In a waggish way, one of them inquired his advice on some business matter.

"Boys," said the old gentleman, in his slow and broad accent, "I will tell you how it happened with a young man who courted a young woman, and on asking the father's consent to marriage, was inquired of as to his means of supporting a family. 'I have as yet very little of this world's goods,' replied the young man, 'but I always make my flails in the Summer and my rakes in the Winter; and *so I am always prepared*.' The father forthwith gave his consent to the marriage.

"And now, boys," continued the worthy old man, "I advise you to act in this way. Always be prepared and you will certainly prosper."

—— Yes, this is the true principle. *Make your flails in the Summer, and your rakes in the Winter.* It is an admirable maxim, capable of extensive application to the purposes and plans of life. He who observes it, will be *always prepared*, and will not fail of prosperity.

Temper.—There is an appearance we see in nature, that has often put me in mind of the effect of temper upon men. It is in the lowlands near the sea, where, when the tide is not up, (the man out of temper) there is a slimy, patchy, diseased-looking surface of mud and sick sea-weed. You pass by in a few hours, there is a beautiful lake, water up to the green grass (the man in temper again) and the whole landscape brilliant with reflected light. And to complete the likeness, the good temper and the full tide last about the same time—with some men at least.

The Riddler.

ENIGMA.

I am composed of 15 letters.
My 9, 10, 11, 12, is a part of the face.
My 11, 12, is a preposition.
My 5, 14, 10, 12, was one of the Apostles.
My 6, 14, 11, 13, 8, is a word much used by sailors.
My 6, 7, 8, is the abode of a hermit.
My 13, 1, 12, 1, is a town in Arabia.
My 9, 1, 15, 9, 14, is a bay on the coast of Maine.
My 13, 14, 7, 8, 6, is a point of the compass.
My 1, 2, 3, 4, is a lady's name.
My 9, 1, 15, 8, 14, 15, is a town in Ohio.
My whole is the name of a distinguished songstress.
E. C. B.

GEOGRAPHICAL ENIGMA.

WRITTEN FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

I am composed of 23 letters.
My 1, 11, 2, 9, 23, 13, is a county in Indiana.
My 2, 11, 18, 9, is a county in Pennsylvania.
My 3, 13, 7, 16, 22, is a river in North America.
My 4, 21, 23, 6, is a mountain in Europe.
My 5, 18, 8, 15, is a town in Russia.
My 6, 16, 17, 6, 23, 20, 2, 13, is a kingdom in Africa.
My 7, 10, 18, 5, 2, is a river in Europe.
My 8, 6, 19, 1, 4, 16, is a river in Asia.
My 9, 5, 19, 13, is a lake in Ireland.
My 10, 17, 18, 22, is a river in the United States.
My 11, 22, 16, 16, is a county in Ohio.
My 12, 2, 22, 5, 20, 9, 21, 10, 14, 19, is a town in the United States.
My 13, 6, 16, 21, is a cape of Asia.
My 14, 18, 7, 13, 15, is a town in Russia.
My 15, 3, 16, 10, 19, is a county in North Carolina.
My 16, 2, 23, 13, 8, 15, 7, is a river in Africa.
My 17, 10, 5, 23, is a cape of South America.
My 18, 22, 14, 4, is one of the United States.
My 19, 10, 5, 21, 17, is a cape of Europe.
My 20, 5, 13, 9, 3, 2, is a county in Missouri.
My 21, 8, 11, 15, 3, 21, 16, is a gulf in Europe.
My 22, 16, 14, 2, 8, 10, is a town in New York.
My 23, 18, 7, 2, is a river in Africa.
My whole was a distinguished officer in the Revolution.
A. D. M.

CHARADE.

My first is a quadruped, nimble and stout;
My second, no *female or male* lives without;
My third gives a vapor in barter for rain,
My whole's in a basin away down in Maine.
J. G.

ARITHMETICAL QUESTION.

FOR THE SATURDAY EVENING POST.

The paving of a triangular yard at 18 pence per foot square came to £ 00. The longest of the three sides was 88 feet. What then was the length of each of the other two equal sides?

SAMUEL WALKER.

CONUNDRUMS.

☞ Why is a tall girl like an exorbitant price for a steamboat ticket?
Ans.—Because it's a *high fair* (fare).

☞ Why are eyes like stage horses?
Ans.—Because they are under lashes.

☞ Why is a lawyer like a city drain?
Ans.—Because he is a common suer (sewer).

☞ Why are apothecary shops like the gates of death?
Ans.—They are always open.

ANSWERS TO RIDDLES IN LAST.

ENIGMAS.
Benjamin Franklin.
Whittlesey Adams, Warren, Ohio.
RIDDLE.—Drunkenness.

Agricultural.

ON BREAKING OXEN.

BY ELISHA WHITTLESEY, ESQ.

In regard to learning steers to work, permit me to relate the mode adopted by my father, (who was one of the best agriculturists in the north western part of Connecticut, and in which I served somewhat of an apprenticeship.) As far as was practicable, he not only endeavored to match his steers, in color, size, and strength, but in temper; some cattle, like men, are more irritable, nervous, or obstinate than others, and will never work well together, even if they are about the same strength. An agriculturist should raise his own stock, and, knowing the disposition of his cows, as every man and boy will, who is among them and milks them, he is able to match his steers to be alike in temper, as well as in the other qualities mentioned.

The best age to break animals to the yoke is when they are calves. Small yokes, with bows, staples, and rings, well finished, should be prepared and the calves yoked and drove about every day for several weeks, commencing when they are three or four months old. After they are used to the yoke, and are taught to "haw" and "gee," a small chain may be attached to very light burdens for them to move, such as a small stick of wood or a hand-sled. The practice may be advantageously prosecuted at one and two years; but they do not forget their knowledge when calves, and are easily subdued at three years old.

When steers, two or three years old, are first taken in hand, it requires three or four resolute men to connect them by the yoke, which should be small and light, but as well finished as if it was of a size sufficient for old oxen and to be used on them. Care should be taken not to frighten the steers. The barn yard fence should not permit any bullock to break it down or leap over it. The steers to be yoked should be driven into it; they should be secured in a corner by the men closing upon them, and the man selected to catch the steers should advance by the side of the one which is to work on the off-side, and, seizing the left horn with his right hand, he should hastily place his left hand under the steer's jaw, and move it forward until two or three fingers enter the right and the thumb the left nostril, the other men at the same time pressing so close as to prevent escape. A struggle generally follows, which would overpower and frighten a man not skilled in the business of breaking steers. When the animal stands still, the yoke without bows is to be carried by a man on his left arm, and by his side, who having a bow in his right hand, he passes it under the neck and enters the bow into the yoke and pins it. If there is not a sufficient number to prevent the steer from escaping while the other is being caught, a chain should secure the yoke to a post, drawn close up. The steer to work on the near side is to be caught in the same manner and yoked with his fellow. A strong steady yoke of oxen is to be connected behind the steers with a chain, and another yoke of oxen under good command is to be connected forward, and the chain being loosed from the post, the three yokes are driven around the yard or elsewhere, and after a little exercise of this kind, a wagon or cart may be attached to the yoke of the old oxen and the team put upon the road.

The steers should be treated with great kindness, even if they are obstinate and sullen. Tying tails together should not be tolerated nor is there any use in confining their bodies together by passing a rope round them, as recommended in the article referred to.

If one of them falls down and will not get up by moderate efforts, place over him a sufficient number of men to keep him down, and having removed the yoke from his neck and being prepared with a small strong rope, tie it lightly round his hind leg nearest the ground, then bring back the fore leg on the same side and tie that on the other, and the other two are to be secured in the same way, and the steer left to his own meditations. After a while he will attempt to rise, and will put forth his whole strength to extricate his legs, which will not avail him if the tying is thoroughly and skilfully done. The rope is to be removed after all efforts cease, and the animal thus subdued will never fall down in the yoke afterwards to gratify a sullen temper.

If calves are regularly curried in the winter and and handled they are easily managed afterwards.—The general position of the teamster is on the left or near side, opposite the yoke of the hind oxen. Occasionally he may advance opposite to the middle of the second yoke of oxen, if the team consists of three yoke. If he cannot manage three yoke in a team, he should lay down his whip and permit one more skillful than himself to take it.

I entirely depart from Mr. Gilman (page 357) in his direction to use "a goad to drive with." A teamster, to drive three yoke of oxen, should have a whipstock of blue beach, hickory, or hazel, from eight to ten feet long, from half to three-fourths of an inch in diameter at the butt-end, with so true a taper to the small end as to spring evenly near two-thirds of the length. For two or one yoke of oxen the stock may be less and shorter. The lash should be made six feet long with four strands, braided hard, of woodchuck skin, tanned in soap, about the size of a shank of a common-sized small gimlet, one strand to be passed round the others in every two or three inches, so as to secure the strands from separating as the whip is worn by use. The lash should be tied firm to the stock, from four to five feet from the small end of the stock, by a string cut from the skin of which the whip-lash is made, which should be passed through a loop at the end of the whip, and when so secured, the lash wound round the stock about two feet, and again secured by a string, and so to the end, leaving about twenty inches of the lash pendent. The whip-stock may be sharpened at the end, to move suddenly the near hind ox, if necessary. Being prepared, the teamster bears the whip on his right arm and sustained by his right hand, with an angle back of about forty-five degrees. The teamster should have every ox under his eye constantly, whether his team is attached to a wagon, cart, plough, log, or other draught. A well-disciplined team requires very little use of the whip. An earnest word, with a corresponding look from the teamster, will cause every ox to spring forward. Not more than three inches of the end of the lash should touch an ox and the stock should never be permitted to reach him when a blow is aimed with the lash.—*Plough, the Loom, and the Anvil.*

THE SIGNS OF PROSPERITY.

Where spades grow bright, and idle swords grow dull;
Where jails are empty, and where barns are full;
Where church paths are with frequent feet outworn,
Law court-yards weedy, silent and forlorn;
Where doctors foot it, and where farmers ride;
Where age abounds, and youth is multiplied;
Where these signs are, they clearly indicate
A happy people and well governed state.

A FEW HINTS TO FARMERS.

If your land appears worn out and over-worked, you may be sure you have harrowed its feelings too much.

To get the most work out of your hands, keep them out of your pockets.

The hardest pair of bars to get over, are Ohio River sand-bars.

About the middle of the Summer, ask your grass every morning, if it is ready to be cut. As it has no ears, like corn, it will answer, "Hay!"

How to raise geese—Send your daughters to a fashionable boarding-school. If kept at home they will be ducks or little stupids.

To raise corn—Wear tight boots.

Profits of Farming.—The July number of the (Baltimore) *American Farmer* contains a highly interesting communication on the above named subject, from Edmund Ruffin, Esq., of Virginia, author of a well known and highly esteemed work on "Calcareous Manures," and one of the most distinguished practical farmers in the Ancient Dominion. Successful in all his own efforts in the renovation of old exhausted lands, Mr. R.'s experience is the more authoritative, as well as interesting; and his account is a very encouraging one of the profit that may be actually realized in the intelligent pursuit of those rural occupations, which, in other respects, are known to yield such goodly returns of health, independence and happiness. Mr. Ruffin gives the results of his farming operations for five years, the profit and loss account of which is as follows: for the first year, there was a small loss of 27-100ths of 1 per cent; second year, a net profit of 8-16 per cent; third year, a profit of 12-81 per cent; fourth year, a profit of 22.86 per cent; fifth year, a profit of 20.10 per cent. The average profit for the whole five years was nearly 13 per cent; for the last three years nearly 20 per cent.; and all this exclusive of the enhanced value of the property from improvement of soil, &c. &c.

☞ Sunday in Paris.—The minister of public works in Paris has invited all citizens to refrain from work on the Sabbath, and has prohibited labor on the public works on that day. The religious journals applaud it, and some of the secular papers are well pleased with the effort.

Selected Poetry.

FROM SARTAIN'S MAGAZINE.

GASPAR BECERRA.

BY HENRY W. LONGFELLOW.

By his evening fire the artist
Pondered o'er his secret shame;
Baffled, weary, and disheartened,
Still he mused and dreamed of fame.

'Twas an image of the Virgin,
That had tasked his utmost skill;
But alas! his fair ideal
Vanished and escaped him still.

From a distant Eastern island
Had the precious wood been brought;
Day and night the anxious master
At his toil untiring wrought.

Till discouraged and desponding
Sat he now in shadows deep,
And the day's humiliation
Found oblivion in sleep.

Then a voice cried; "Rise, oh master!
From the burning brand of oak
Shape the thought that stirs within thee!"
And the startled artist woke.

Woke, and from the smoking embers
Seized, and quenched the glaring wood;
And therefrom he carved an image,
And he saw that it was good.

Oh thou sculptor, painter, poet!
Take this lesson to thy heart;
That is best which lieth nearest!
Shape from that thy work of art.

Science and Art.

GERMAN SILVER.

Few of our readers are probably aware how many applications are now-a-days made of this useful composition. We call it composition, although the majority of the people imagine that it is a metal *sui generis*; but such is not the fact. It is composed of one part of nickel, one part of spelter or zinc, and three parts of copper; but all these substances have to be pure, and be exposed to a great heat before they mix among themselves. The zinc metal, which is of a volatile nature, is not put in the pot until the first two metals are well united together. The refractory nature of nickel, and the difficulty of obtaining the metal free from arsenic, arion and cobalt, are the causes that not unfrequently we see German silver spoons of gold yellow color, while German silver prepared from pure metals will equal in whiteness sterling silver, and will not tarnish. Tea and table spoons, knives and forks, pocket combs, musical and surgical instruments, firemen's and ship captain's speaking trumpets, pocket-book clasps, tea sets, lamps and gun mountings, are now mostly made with German silver. Upwards of fifty thousand pounds of this composition is manufactured in this country annually, for which the nickel is imported from Germany and England. There are but three localities of nickel ore in this country—an ore from Chatham, in Connecticut, yields about three per cent. nickel; and lately a nickel ore has been discovered among the copper ore on Lake Superior. German silver was first introduced into the United States by a Dr. Feuchtwanger of New York, who was obliged to pay, on his arrival in this country, the custom-house duties of silver, the inspectors not knowing any difference. He is the first manufacturer of German silver in the United States, and he is justly entitled to the paternity of this useful composition. He received, in 1834, '35 and '36, silver medals from the American Institute for the crude material, and for his exhibition of over a hundred different useful articles. We regret much that he has not realized the remuneration which his perceptive powers and ingenuity ought to have rewarded him, while other men have realized fortunes, and continue to do so, from the information imparted to them by the knowledge of Dr. Feuchtwanger. In 1837, the Doctor petitioned Congress to grant him permission of issuing $50,000 worth of pennies made of his composition, as an experiment to substitute the German silver for the copper currency; and Mr. John Quincy Adams in the House, and Mr. Benton of the Senate, spoke in the highest terms of this proposition, and it met with the approbation of the President of the United States, Mr. Van Buren, and the members of both Houses. He failed, nevertheless, in that also, on account of the unfavorable report from the Director of the United States Mint, who stated that the right of coinage belongs to the United States Government, and that it required some skill to analyze the German silver.—*Hunt's Merchants Magazine.*

Selected Articles.

THE TULAREE PLAINS IN CALIFORNIA.

The Galena Advertiser publishes the following extract from a private letter from California:

The Gold Mines have actually ruined California in an agricultural point of view. In fact, agriculture will never be of any consequence in this country, except where water can be found to irrigate the land, and water is scarce all over the country, except in the mountains. As a grazing country, it is probably the best in the world; and a statement of the number of cattle, horses, elk, deer, antelope, &c., that roam wild over the Tularee Plains, would not be credited, if stated. These Plains are, on an average, fifty miles wide and five hundred miles long. In crossing them, I have seen a drove of elk that covered more than four square miles of ground, all running at the height of their speed. Droves of wild horses and antelope were quietly feeding a few miles distant, without manifesting the least alarm, as they are accustomed to such stampedes of elk. Millions of wild geese were flying overhead, having been aroused by the elk. Their noise was deafening. Travelling two and a half hours, at a brisk trot, through this wilderness of animated nature, brought us to the San Joaquin's timbered banks and to water.

At the crossing, the Tularee Plains are forty-one miles wide. The river, like a huge anaconda, winds through their centre. The Plain is without wood or water, except immediately on the banks of the river. The Plains are literally covered with elk horns, some of them so large that I could not lift them. One set, in particular, was so enormous that two men had a heavy lift to throw it into the wagon. It is to be sent home as a curiosity. At the river we got some of the finest salmon, which were speared by our Indians. We also caught some small fish with a hook and line. The water is cold, clear and transparent. Salmon of twenty five to sixty pounds weight were seen, wending their way up the stream. We crossed the river in a boat, swimming our horses. The ferryman—a Missourian—told me that fever and ague prevailed to a fearful extent in the neighborhood, and I soon had occular demonstration of the fact, by the shaking of a couple of hereditary bondsmen from Mexico, who were crossing over with us. But the mines, considering the exposure to which a man is subjected, are healthy. Intermittent fever is common, but it yields readily to quinine. But one man died of bilious fever while I was there; he was an Oregonian.

LIMITS OF THE HUMAN MIND.

Newton was one day asked why he stepped forward when he was so inclined; and from what cause his arm and his hand obeyed his will? He honestly replied that he knew nothing about the matter. "But, at least," say they to him, "you are so well acquainted with the gravitation of the planets, tell us why they turn one way sooner than another?" Newton still avowed his ignorance.

Those who teach that the ocean was salted for fear it should corrupt, and that the tides were created to conduct our ships into port, were a little ashamed when told that the Mediterranean has ports but no tides. Muchembrook himself has fallen into this error.

Who has ever been able to determine precisely how a billet of wood is changed into red hot charcoal, and by what mechanism lime is heated by cold water?

The first motion of the heart in animals—is that accounted for? Has it been exactly discovered how the business of generation is arranged? Has any one divined the cause of sensation, ideas and memory? We know no more of the essence of matter, than the children who touch its superficies.

Who will instruct us in the mechanism by which a grain of corn, which we cast into the earth, disposes itself to produce a stalk surmounted with an ear? or why the sun produces an apple on one tree, and a chesnut on the next one to it? Many doctors have said, "What know I not?" Montaigne said, "What know I?"—*Scientific American.*

The Newspaper.—"The newspaper may be destroyed at night; it may light a cigar, or may curl a lady's hair; but the thoughts that are in its columns may influence ten thousand for good, and produce effects which volumes of essays, sermons, or narratives could never effect, and especially where they could never reach."

Upon the above a bachelor editor remarks as follows:—"The very thought of one's lucubrations nestling down at night among the ringlets of a sweet girl, keeping watch over the midnight slumbers, as well as curling her hair, is enough to infuse poetry into the pen and make the traces along the sheet, frantic with sentiment."

COURTESY.

And this is real courtesy, that which has reverence for womanhood in sex, the courtesy which has respect for others than the rich, than the young; it is distinct from the courtesy which blooms only in the smiles of love and beauty, and withers and cools down in the atmosphere of poverty, age, and toil. Show me the man who can quit the brilliant society of the young to listen to the kindly voice of age; who can hold cheerful converse with one whom years has deprived of charms; show me the man who is willing to help any who stands in the need of help; and, if the blush of Helen mantled her cheek, show me the man who would no more look rudely at the poor girl in the village, than at the elegant and well-dressed lady in the saloon; show me the man who treats unprotected maidenhood as he would the heiress surrounded by the powerful protection of rank, riches, and family; show me the man who abhors the libertine's gibe, who shuns as a blasphemer the traducer of his mother's sex; who scorns as he would a coward the ridiculer of womanly foibles, or the exposer of womanly reputation; show me the man who never forgets for one hour the delicacy, the respect, that is due to woman as woman, in any condition or class; show me such a man, and you show me a gentleman. Nay, you show me better; you show me a true Christian gentleman. There are some who think that persons lose in manners as they gain in liberty. One grace belongs to the spirit of liberty, and where the spirit of liberty is the most active, this grace prevails the most; with this grace it expands; this grace is respect for woman, not for her rank or elegance, but for woman. And when this sentiment becomes enlarged, when it is stable, a social structure may be raised upon it more glorious than mankind has ever seen.—*Henry Giles's Lecture on Don Quixote.*

The Teens.—The teens! that beautiful, mysterious portion of the life of man! when he is born as it were again to a new existence; when the sweet dream of infancy is over, and all its brilliant flowers are faded; when a sense of a higher meaning in the things of this world—a deep reaching of the spirit after the hidden life behind this varied curtain—a stretching forth of the soul towards the lofty, the generous, the heroic—those whisperings of the heart which tell of a higher destiny preparing, of something grand to be achieved, some great and noble end answered by this existence—this mind, this soul, now first surrendered, as it were in our own hand, reveals itself. The teens! sacred interval before the prosaic, oft-told tale has begun, while life is yet to the young clear eye that which poetry is or should be, "A more ample greatness, a more exact goodness, and a more absolute variety, than can be found in the nature of things!" The teens! Oh, what a gush of promise is there in that first burst of fervent life into flowers? But the wind of the desert has passed over the blossoms, and where are they? What is the summer to this spring?

The Olio.

FROM GRAHAM'S MAGAZINE.

TRANSLATION
OF A RECENTLY DISCOVERED FRAGMENT* OF A POEM BY SAPPHO.

BY G. HILL.

Thou art like the apple—maiden young and fair—
That when its fellows gathered, one by one,
While, on its topmost bough, though ripe and rare,
It unmolested sits and blooms alone!
Forgotten? No—a mark for every eye,
But for the gazer's longing hand too high.

* Published in Walz. Rhetor. Graec. 8, 883.

The Man who has Enemies.—A man who has no enemies, is seldom good for anything. He is made of that kind of material, which is so easily worked, that every one tries a hand in it. A sterling character—one who thinks for himself, and speaks what he thinks—is always sure to have enemies. They are as necessary to him as fresh air. They keep him alive and active. A celebrated person, who was surrounded by enemies, used to say:—"They are sparks, which, if you do not blow them, go out of themselves." Let this be your feeling, while endeavoring to live down the scandal of those who are bitter against you. If you stop to dispute, you do but as they desire; and open the way for more abuse. Let the poor fellows talk. There will be a reaction, if you do not perform your duty; and hundreds, who are once alienated from you, will flock to you, and acknowledge their error.

Choice of Studies.—In the choice of studies, too much deference should not be paid to the bent of a young person's mind. Excellence in one or two things which may have taken the fancy of a youth, (or which really may suit his genius,) will ill compensate for a complete ignorance of those branches of study which are very repugnant to him; and which are therefore, not likely to be learnt when he has freedom in the choice of his studies.

Good Breeding.—Louis XIV. was told that Lord Stair was one of the best bred men in Europe. "I shall soon put him to the test," said the king, and asking Lord Stair to take an airing with him, as soon as the door of the coach was opened, he bade him pass and go in; the other bowed and obeyed. The king said, "the world is in the right in the character it gives; another person would have troubled me with ceremony."

Influence of Habit.—Though a causeway has been made from the houses of the missionaries to the chapel, protected by cocoa nut trees laid along the sides, the middle part being covered with pebbles and wide enough for several persons to walk abreast, yet the people continue one to follow another in line, as formerly in the narrow tracks.—*Tyerman and Bennet's Journal.*

Eccentricity.—Sir John Price was extremely eccentric; he married three wives, and kept the two first after their demise, embalmed; placing them in his chamber, one on each side of his bed. The third lady refused him the honor of her hand until he had removed the dead rivals and interred them.

Advertisements.

LIVER COMPLAINT,
JAUNDICE, DYSPEPSIA, CHRONIC OR NERVOUS DEBILITY, DISEASE OF THE KIDNEYS, *and all diseases arising from a disordered Liver or Stomach in either male or female.*

Such as Constipation, Inward Piles, Fulness of Blood to the Head, Acidity of the Stomach, Nausea, Heartburn, Disgust for Food, Fulness or weight in the Stomach, Sour Eructations, Sinking or Fluttering at the pit of the Stomach, Swimming of the Head, Hurried and Difficult Breathing, Fluttering at the Heart, Choking or Suffocating Sensations when in a lying posture, Dimness of Vision, Dots or webs before the sight, Fever and dull pain in the Head, Deficiency of Perspiration, Yellowness of the Skin and Eyes, Pain in the Side, Back, Chest, Limbs, &c., Sudden flushes of Heat, Burning in the Flesh, Constant imaginings of evil and great depression of Spirits can be effectually cured by

DOCTOR HOOFLAND'S
CELEBRATED GERMAN BITTERS.

Their power over the above diseases is not excelled, if equalled, by any other preparation in the United States, as the cures attest, in many cases after skilful physicians had failed.

DERANGEMENT OF THE LIVER AND STOMACH are sources of insanity, and will also produce diseases of the *Heart, Skin, Lungs, and Kidneys*, and lays the body open to an attack of the *Cholera, Bilious, or Yellow Fever*, and is generally the first cause of that most baneful disease, *Consumption*.

OPINIONS OF THE PHILADA. PRESS.

The Dispatch, December 31st says:—AN INVALUABLE MEDICINE.—We have frequently heard the Celebrated German Bitters, manufactured by Dr. Hoofland, spoken of in terms of commendation, and we know deservedly so. It is a too common practice, in certain quarters, to puff all manner of useless trash, but in the case of the above Bitters, hundreds are living witnesses of their great moral and physical worth.—As a medicine for the Liver Complaint, Jaundice, Nervous Debility and Dyspepsia, it has been found invaluable, effecting cures and thoroughly eradicating diseases, when all other medicines have failed. We feel convinced, that in the use of the German Bitters, the patient does not become debilitated, but constantly gains strength and vigor to the frame—a fact worthy of great consideration. The Bitters are pleasant in taste and smell, and can be administered under any circumstances to the most delicate stomach. Indeed, they can be used by all persons with the most perfect safety. It would be well for those who are much affected in the nervous system, to commence with one tea-spoonful or less, and gradually increase. We speak from experience, and are, of course, a proper judge. The press far and wide, have united in recommending the German Bitters, and to the afflicted we most cordially advise their use.

READ THE FOLLOWING:

It is from one of our first druggists—the proprietor of the "Medicated Worm Syrup."

Philadelphia, Nov. 22d, 1848.

Dear Sir,—It is with much pleasure that I testify to the extraordinary virtues of your German Bitters, having sold largely of them these last few months to various persons, afflicted with Liver Complaints, Dyspepsia, and Debility of the Nervous System. I can say conscientiously, that they are the best articles of the kind I have ever sold, (and I deal in all the popular medicines) and I consider it the only medicine for the above diseases before the public.

I have never sold one bottle that has not given satisfaction, and brought forth the commendation of those who used it.

I deem this my duty both to you as the proprietor of this highly valuable article, and to those afflicted with the above complaints, that they may know of its curative properties and to enable them to select the good from the various articles with which our market is flooded. With much respect, I remain yours, &c.,

J. N. HOBENSACK, Druggist,
Corner of Second and Coates streets.

Can stronger testimony be adduced by any Preparation before the public? A single bottle will convince any one of their power over disease. They are ENTIRELY VEGETABLE, and will permanently destroy the most obstinate costiveness, and give strength and vigor to the frame, at no time debilitating the patient; being also grateful to the most delicate stomach under any circumstances.

For Sale Wholesale and Retail at the principal depot

GERMAN MEDICINE STORE,

No. 278 Race Street, one door above Eighth, Philadelphia, and by John F. Long, Lancaster.—D. W. Gross, Harrisburg.—Wm. Thorn, Pittsburg.—Jno. Ritter & Co., Reading.—J. H. Ewrack & Son, Richmond, Va., M. A. Santos, Norfolk, Va.; Haviland, Harral & Co., Charleston, Boatwright & Miot, Columbia, Anderson & Clarksdale, Laurens, C. H. S. C., W. Haines, Augusta, Geo., and by respectable dealers generally throughout the United States. my26-ly